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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

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Photo *Rita Martin*

LADY MONTGOMERY-CUNINGHAME

Wife of Sir Thomas Montgomery-Cuninghame, D.S.O., to whom she was married in 1904. She is a daughter of Sir William Des Vœux, G.C.M.G., and has one son. Her husband is a claimant to the dormant Earldom of Glencairn

No. 224.—Vol. XVII

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. **GAMES AND PASTIMES**

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"Morag the Seal." By J. W. B. Innes. (Rebman : 6*s.*)
"The Wife." By Horace W. C. Newte. (Rebman : 6*s.*)
"The Prima Donna." By F. M. Crawford. (Macmillan : 6*s.*)
"I Little Knew." By May Crommelin. (Milne : 6*s.*)
"The Marquis and Pamela." By Edward H. Cooper. (Chatto and Windus : 6*s.*)
"The Metropolis." By Upton Sinclair. (Arnold : 6*s.*)
"The Canon in Residence." By Victor L. Whitechurch. (T. Fisher Unwin : 6*s.*)
"An Amateur Adventurist." By Frankfort Moore. (Hutchinson : 6*s.*)
"Electric Ignition." By Douglas Leechman, M.I.A.E. ("Car," Ltd. : 1*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"The Letters of Martin Luther." By Frans. M. A. Currie. (Macmillan : 12*s.* net.)
"The Irony of Marriage." By Basil Tozer. (Rebman : 1*s.* net.)
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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly a l Copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday March 18. 1908

"Tub-thumping has gone out of fashion," says a contemporary. The Licensing Bill, however, seems to have popularised "Pub-thumping."

* * *

The failure of the Government's opposition over the Tobacco Growing (Scotland) Bill was fortunate. Anything that gives Scotchmen a chance of being employed in their own country ought to be encouraged, if only for the reason that it also gives Englishmen a chance of being employed in theirs.

* * *

From the personal column of a daily paper:

"Bill in a terrible state. Write quickly.—TED."

We don't wish to seem suspicious, and, therefore, we will only say that we trust the Kaiser is not attempting to re-open what can only prove an unfruitful correspondence with Lord Tweedmouth. Perhaps the *Times*, however, with its usual patriotic thoroughness, will look into the matter?

* * *

A pleasing German custom was illustrated last week at the launching of their new Dreadnought. Chief President Hengstenberg delivered an impressive address to the hull, beginning "Thou proud battleship." Reading the address, we almost felt as though the hull ought to have been so affected as to require all hands to the pumps. Perhaps it was waiting for its real trials to begin.

* * *

"Premier may declare war on de Beers" sounds at first like an echo of the Licensing Question. But, in reality, it only refers to possible differences between the two great diamond-producing companies, which may end in diamonds becoming cheap. This is a painful consideration for many people, as, though diamonds will always cut diamonds, diamond producers have always hitherto been singularly averse to "cutting" one another.

* * *

It is the smart American woman who will feel the blow most keenly, should it fall. For then the problem will arise—How to look expensive when diamonds are cheap? To be "a blaze of diamonds" will no longer suffice. One will have to be a conflagration at least—with a footman carrying a sack of the gems in one's wake. We may yet live to see in some American journal's headlines:

CURIOUS CLAIM FOR DAMAGES.

NEW YORKER DEMANDS PAYMENT FOR LOSS OF EYESIGHT.

GLARE FROM PORK-KING'S WIFE CAUSES INFLAMMATION OF TEAR GLANDS.

But this is, of course, anticipating. Diamonds may not become as cheap as that.

* * *

Mr. Winston Churchill's letter to the *Nation* on "The Untrodden Field in Politics" is said to be his manifesto to the impatient "forwards" of the Liberal Party. As there must be some equally impatient "backs," the reply letter would no doubt be entitled "Fools Rush In."

* * *

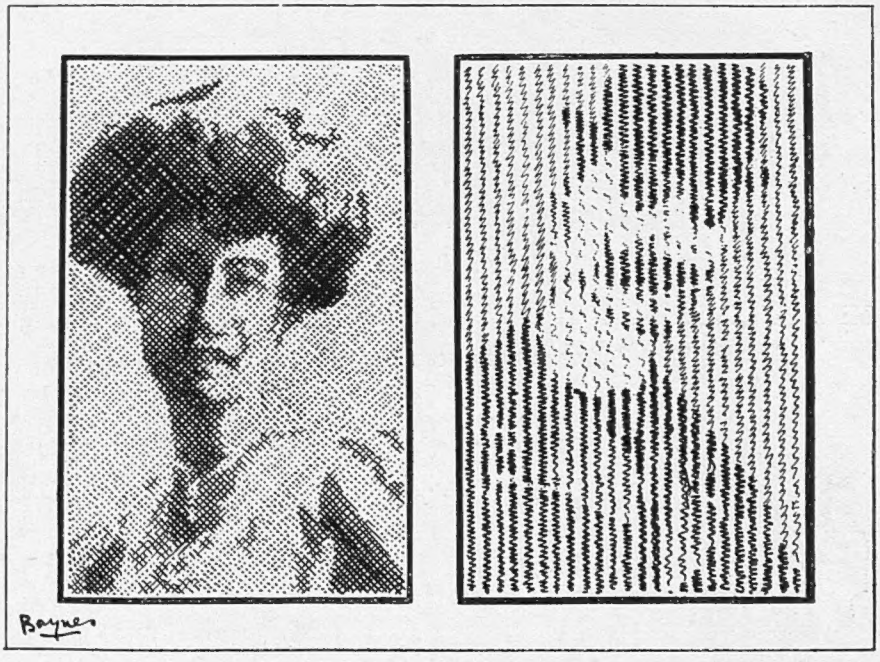
Once again two gallant young Monarchs have escaped the fate to which the croakers and the pessimists had condemned them. King Alfonso of Spain has not been blown up, and King Manuel of Portugal is not engaged to be married.

* * *

The M'zabs of Morocco

(*Many of the M'zabs were killed in General d'Amade's recent victory*)

In the land where the desert sand's silted,
The M'zabs met the Frenchmen, and wilted;
It seems that the same
Are but Scotchmen in name,
And didn't much care to be kilted.



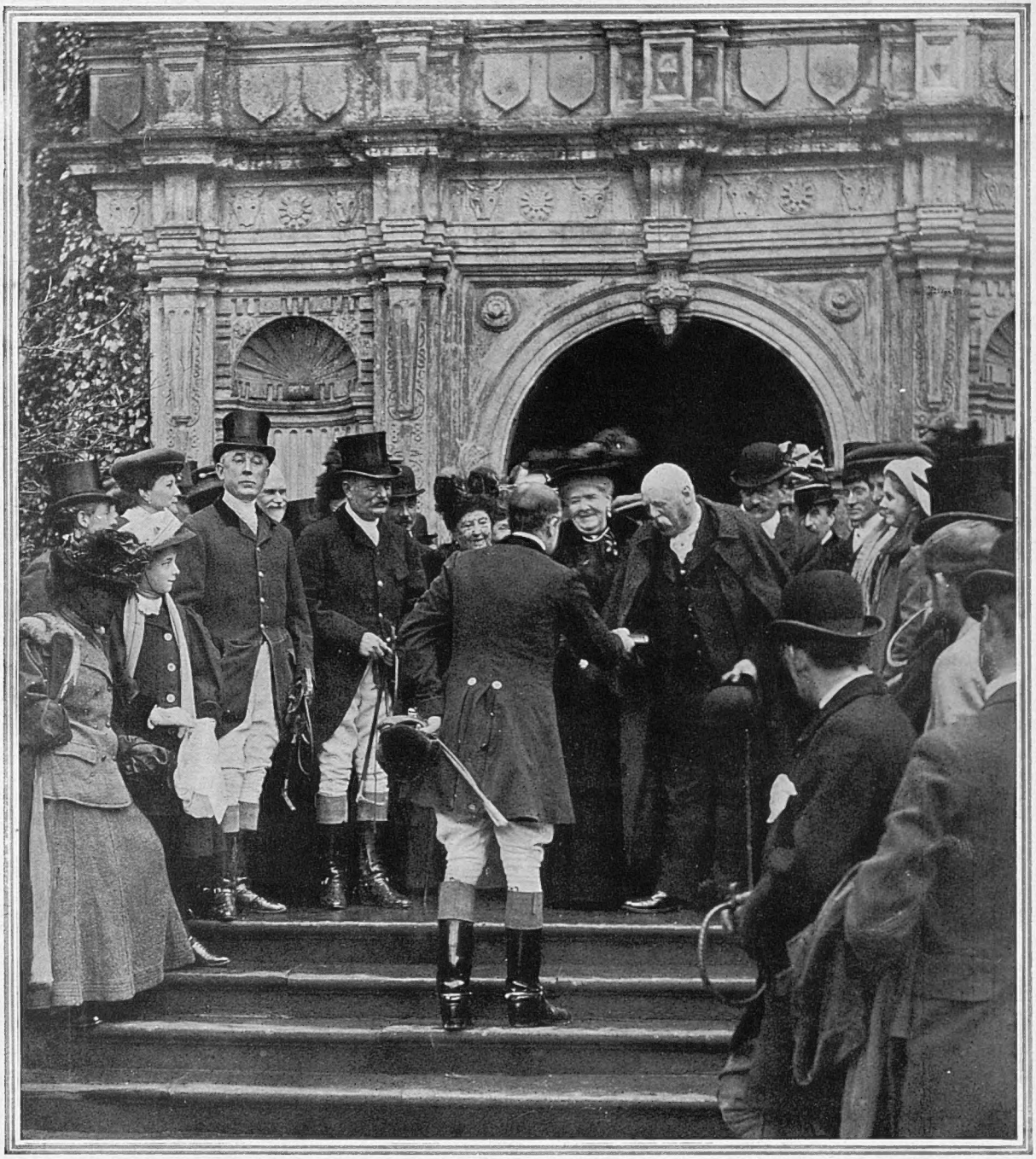
A Much Worse Fate

"It's all very well, my boy, to laugh at the modern methods of reproduction when you see your best girl has won the beauty prize. But wait till you see yourself 'electrographed' by the very latest method as the handsomest man!"

By P. H. BAYNES

A Sportsman's Golden Wedding

THE PRESENTATION TO LORD AND LADY NORTH BY THE WARWICKSHIRE HUNT

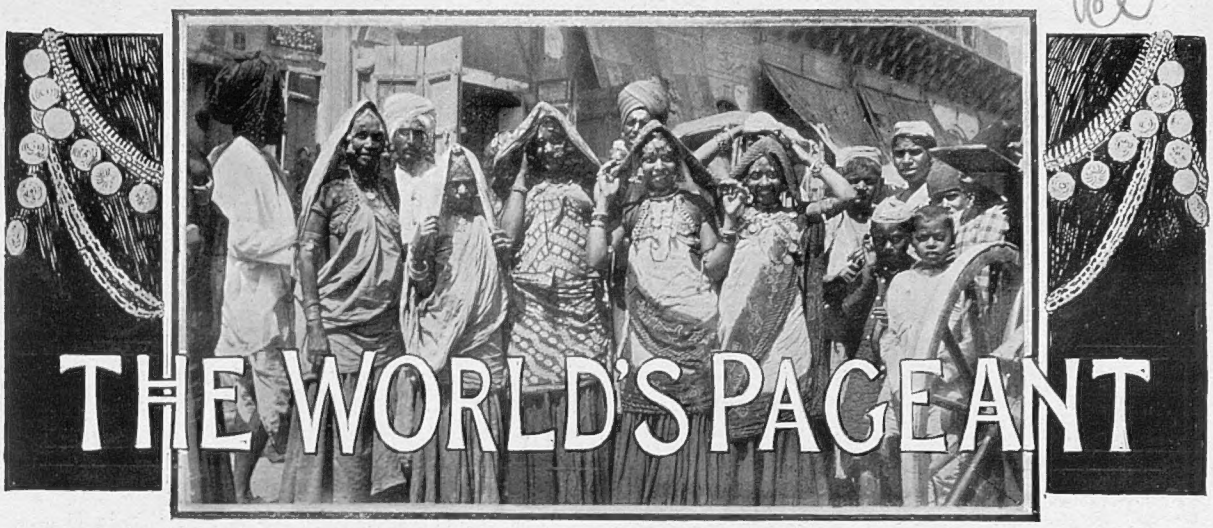


LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, MASTER OF THE WARWICKSHIRE HUNT, MAKES THE PRESENTATION

Photos
Members of the Hunt—

At the meet of the Warwickshire Hounds at Wroxton Abbey, Banbury, on Friday week, the Master, Lord Willoughby de Broke, on behalf of the members of the Hunt, presented to Lord and Lady North an album containing the names of subscribers to a portrait of his lordship, who was for many years the Master of the Warwickshire, as a memento of their Golden Wedding

Whitlock
—Watch the proceedings



Hibernating

A flavour very distinctly Hibernian pervades the air this week. THE BYSTANDER, not to be out of it, is Irish half way through, and for a short span the cult of things Hibernian is the cult of cults. Yesterday being the Saint's day of great St. Patrick, the Queen's shamrock, specially grown for her Majesty by Lady Limerick, was distributed to the Irish Guards. Last night, at Dublin Castle, the St. Patrick's Ball brought to its precincts all that remnant of Irish rank and beauty which had not already crossed to England on charity intent, and to-day, at Londonderry House, is continued the great Irish Industries Sale.

* *

Fashionable Charity

The Irish Industries Sale is certainly the most fashionable, probably the most successful, charity function of the year. For this occasion every lady in the land, provided she be ever so remotely connected with Erin, is expected willingly to immolate herself on Charity's wide altar. She generally comes, it must be conceded, radiantly up to the scratch, and for two (sometimes three) long days stands gamely at an ordinary stall, selling (extra) ordinary things to extremely ordinary people. In fact, if you are one of the last-named it really doesn't matter a bit how ordinary you are. All that matters is your cheque book, and if you are that most intrepid of beings, a Social Aspirant, then is the Irish Industries Sale your greatest chance in life. Money is the open sesame, and it is merely a question of price for you to take what you will—a debate with a duchess, a chat with a countess, or a piece of string to tie your parcels up from a mere honourable.

Lady Diana Manners

From the portrait by her sister, Lady Marjorie Manners, in the Exhibition of Fair Women at the New Gallery

The King at Biarritz

Cold and wet though it has been at Biarritz lately (and only those who know it cold and wet can know what cold and wet there means), King Edward has been leading his accustomed pleasurable, outdoor life ever since his arrival. Like the late Queen, his mother, who was quite warm up in Balmoral when her less doughty subjects were nearly frozen to death some hundreds of miles further South, and in whose houses such sybarite luxuries as bedroom fires were unknown save *in extremis*, the King is not in the least susceptible to cold. In Biarritz, during the day, his Majesty is within four walls only when the necessities of sleeping and eating command. He is out in the air from morning to night, motoring at high speed through the splendid Basque country, watching the golf, sitting in his balcony, or himself taking part in a friendly game of croquet.

* * *

His Transatlantic Hosts

The most lavish hospitality is dispensed at Biarritz when the King is staying there. Those four American ladies—Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Harold Baring — who make of Biarritz their yearly Lenten Mecca, outvie each other in their efforts most royally to entertain the King. Mrs. Moore, according to latest telegrams, is, I believe, at present ahead, and it will be remembered that this lady, literally sewn with diamonds, was presented at the last Court. After reading Mr. Upton Sinclair's *The Metropolis*, I am not surprised at the fondness even Kings and Emperors show for the society of dollared Americans, for this, apparently, is how they lunch you.

The New British Broom at Berlin?

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

The New British Broom at Berlin

Sir Gerard Lowther (Minister at Tangier). Reported to be going to Berlin, to succeed Sir Frank Lascelles. As one of the Lonsdale family, he will doubtless be *persona grata* with the Kaiser, and as a man of charm and tact it is hoped he may succeed in sweeping away much anti-British feeling

The Personal Note in Politics

In diplomacy, as in business, the best players are more and more adopting the convention of making hearts trumps. In other words, it is now personality first of all, and the personal note all through. With no one has this system more success than with the Kaiser—however little some of his own personal notes may be appreciated by some of our ultra-patriots. The appointment of Sir Gerard Lowther to succeed Sir Frank Lascelles as Ambassador at Berlin would be, if for no other reason, eminently satisfactory. Genial, sporting, tactful, and possessed of a very charming personality, Sir Gerard—witness his valuable services at Algeciras—is also, without doubt, one of our strong men. The Kaiser, himself one of the strongest personalities of our day, likes such men, and is, I am told, very strongly in favour of his selection. The new Ambassador, who is the younger brother of the Speaker of the House of Commons, adds to his qualifications the fact that he is a cousin of Lord Lonsdale, the Kaiser's most intimate English friend, and the man who once made public and printed declaration that "no finer nature existed in the world than that of his Imperial Majesty the German Emperor."

* * *

Looks and Lukes

It has been said of Lord Annaly, the new Lord of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, that two things run in his family—looks and Lukes. The Whites are most of them handsome, and the eldest sons are generally called Luke, a curious apostolic

In November real spring lamb, raised in cotton wool, fed on milk with a spoon, and costing a dollar and a half a pound; thick green turtle soup; peaches coming from South Africa and costing ten dollars apiece; nectarines from Japan, and plump strawberries raised in pots; quails from Egypt; mushrooms grown in the tunnels of abandoned Michigan mines; lettuce raised by electric light; artichokes brought from France, and costing a dollar each; and lots more all washed down with priceless wines.

Photo *Sport and General*

A New Lord of the Bedchamber

Lord Annaly, who now occupies that position in the household of the Prince of Wales. He is a successful Master of the Pytchley

heritage shared with the Dillons of Clonbrock Lord Annaly possesses both these heirlooms, which makes it just a little odd that he should have to carry also the unflattering nickname of "Sloper." He has a place near Dublin, and also owns Holdenby House, in Northamptonshire, which is the "Holenby House" of Whyte-Melville's famous novel, and has harboured great figures in the past, among them James I. and the famous Duke of Marlborough. Lord Annaly is one of the cheeriest of men, and really rather funny sometimes. He is always popular wherever he goes, and has made a most successful Master of the Pytchley. Despite the fact that Lady Annaly, as the Hon. Lilah Agar-Ellis, was known as one of the best-dressed girls in London, and that Lord Annaly owns a fine Town house in Berkeley Square, both of them now prefer to live the country life. Lately, too, Lady Annaly has been rather delicate, a state of things which accounts for periodical visits to Carlsbad.

* * *

A Sporting Family

A very sporting family (almost as much so as the Lowthers) are the Lambarts. Their head, the Earl of Cavan, who has just been appointed to the command of the 1st Grenadier Guards, plays as well as he fights (he saw much service in South Africa). His sister, Lady Maud Barrett, is a first-rate golfer, his mother was one of the best croquet players in the country, and his aunt has served as an officer in the Salvation Army—a pretty sporting thing to do, I think. One of Lord Cavan's chief games is lawn tennis, and he has one of the finest private covered courts in the kingdom at Wheathampstead House, his place in Hertfordshire. He does all the other things that wealth and health and leisure permit, of course. He hunts and shoots, plays golf, fishes and yachts, and has found time to qualify for the Travellers' Club. He is an Irish peer, but he and his wife, who was a Miss Inez Crawley, spend most of their time in Hertfordshire or London, where Lady Cavan entertains a good deal.

Photo *Maull and Fox*

1st Grenadiers' New Commander

The Earl of Cavan. He is a noted sportsman, and proficient at hunting, shooting, golf, yachting, and fishing

Thoroughbreds at Islington

LAST WEEK'S HUNTERS' SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL

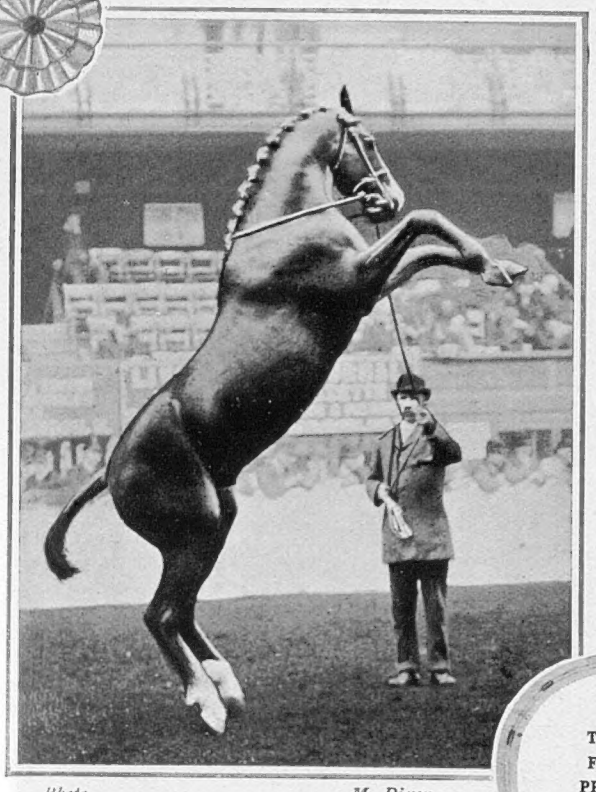


Photo *M. Dixon*

Mr. H. C. Walton's Bird of Paradise

Winner of one of the King's Premiums for thoroughbred stallions. Our photograph presents a fine study for artists. Rarely has the camera been more successful in catching the vigour and graceful movements of the thoroughbred

TWO FINE PRIZE-WINNERS

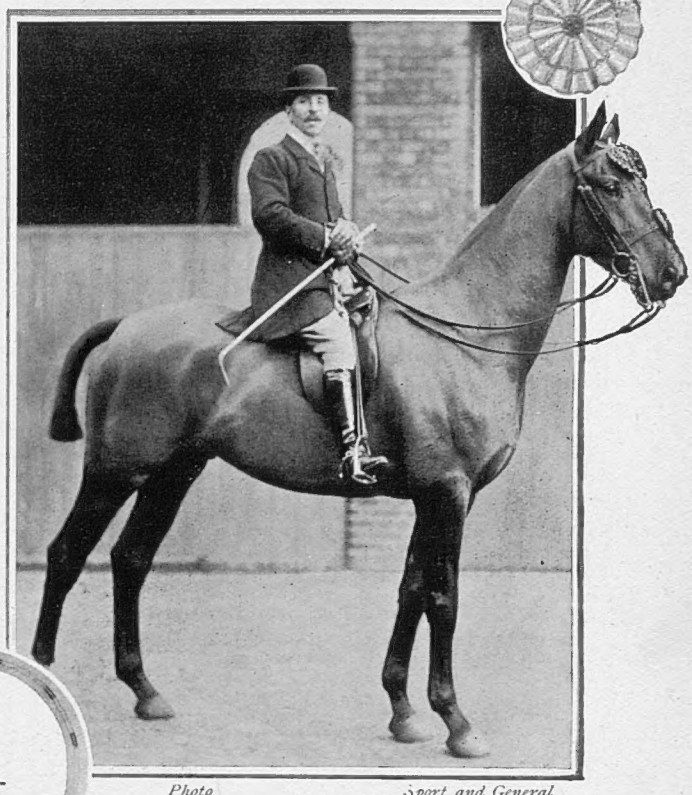


Photo *Sport and General*

The Champion Hunter: Mr. J. H. Stokes's Broadwood

Broadwood was the champion in the classes for mares and geldings upwards of four years old. The owner, Mr. Stokes, carried off six first prizes and several minor awards

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

The Royal Commissioners on Horse Breeding (left to right): Earl of Coventry, Duke of Portland, Lord Middleton, and the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin

Though the popularity of the motor has, to a certain extent, affected the exhibits at all the horse shows, yet the quality to be seen at last week's Hunters' Show at the Agricultural Hall was well up to the mark. The attendance of the public was excellent, and the exhibition was, on Wednesday, honoured by a visit from the Queen and the Dowager-Empress of Russia. They were present at a special parade of winning horses and at the jumping competition

The Hiring of the Thaw Smile

Cabinet Ministers v. Veracity

If certain members of the Government were only one half as free with proofs of their own honour as they are with insinuations against that of other people, a much-needed element of decency might be infused into public life. Newspaper statements are constantly designated "lies," of varying shades of qualification, but not one tittle of definite disproof is accorded. Lord Tweedmouth, for instance, has vouchsafed to the *Times* no word of denial of its very precise insinuation that, in his reply to the Kaiser's letter, he informed that monarch of the substance of the forthcoming Naval Estimates. If the statement was untrue, definite proof should have been afforded. More flagrant, however, than this, is the freedom with which Mr. Birrell applies epithets to his opponents without any attempt to disprove their allegations. Last week, for instance, he described as a "parcel of lies, of a cruel and offensive kind," the statements of certain papers as to the existence in Dublin of a most grave and criminal scandal affecting a number of officials of the Castle. But he has not dared to attempt to disprove these allegations by the simple device of appointing a public inquiry. Really, if Mr. Birrell continues in this fashion, he will bring upon himself a measure of disrepute almost unparalleled in recent history. If he imagines his political reputation to be so high that a vulgar denial from him is sufficient disproof of the deliberate statements of a number of London newspapers, then he is in need of disillusionment.

Mrs. Harry Thaw (Evelyn Nesbit). By Harrington Mann

The portrait by Mr. H. Mann in the Exhibition of Fair Women at the New Gallery. The subject is famous in two hemispheres as the wife of the slayer of Stanford White. She is now suing for nullity, and has been offered £600 a night by a New York Music Hall to display to audiences the smile which is so admirably represented in the above portrait

From the Exhibition of Fair Women

Portrait of Mrs. Hammersley. By P. Wilson Steer

From the Exhibition of Fair Women

* * *

"Fair Women" at the New

"Fair," I believe, is by this time universally agreed to have been an adjective rather loosely applied to the collection of women's portraits now on view at the New Gallery, under the distinguished auspices of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers. It is rather a matter of paying your modest shilling and taking your greedy choice, for here are styles to suit all tastes. Plump or meagre, dark or fair, sweet or sour, young or old. The Early Victorian delights of Winterhalter's "Duchesse de Morny" and "Countess de Pourtalè's" challenge contrast with those of a later period, when Millais's famous "Mrs. Meyers" and Watts's exquisite "Lady Stanley" ravished public taste. Types of English beauty as presented by Mr. Sargent's famous group of the Wyndham sisters, "Lady Elcho, Lady Tennant, and Mrs. Adeane," lend additional delight to a study of the type of French womanhood depicted in an early Carolus Duran. Rossetti's "Monna Pomona," with its passion-heavy throat, is as thoughtful, as indicative of character as the Fantin Latours, the Ricards, and the Monticellis; and quite sedate in its classic repose is Leighton's head of Miss Mabel Mills after one has stood amazed before the raging, tearing modernity of Mr. A. E. John's "Seraphita." Altogether, this most successful exhibition is an improving study in contrasts, and an interesting example of the fluctuations in the accepted standard of beauty of the last decade.

A Family of Fair Women

From the Exhibition of Fair Women

LADY ELCHO LADY TENNANT MRS. ADEANE

(Three daughters of the Hon. Percy Wyndham, son of the first Lord Leconfield)

"THE WYNDHAM FAMILY." BY SARGENT

The Sequel to the K.C.s' Squabble

"Knox et præterea Roskill"

I see that the matter of the discreditable *fracas* in the High Court the other day is to form the subject of an inquiry by a Committee of Benchers of the four Inns of Court. Private animosity is, of course, just as prevalent and just as unavoidable among members of the Bar as it is in other professions; but barristers as a rule are not only too sensible, but also too mindful of the dignity of their calling to parade their personal squabbles in open Court; and that is why scenes like that of which Mr. Roskill, K.C., and Mr. Vesey Knox, K.C., are the unenviable heroes, are comparatively rare in legal history, and cannot be ignored when they occur. It may be said with a good deal of truth that the two learned gentlemen will find the penance of having to live down the recollection of their sudden and almost wholly involuntary indiscretion quite severe enough, without having to undergo the further ordeal of an inquiry into their behaviour. But such an inquiry is desirable, not so much on account of the persons whom it immediately concerns as because it emphasises the necessity for maintaining the high traditions of the Bar.

* * *

The Late Mr. Bischoffsheim

Mr. H. L. Bischoffsheim, who died last week at the age of nearly eighty amid general regret, had earned, by his warm-hearted generosity and his rapid intelligence, immunity from the consequences of indiscretions he committed in the City and the West End, which might have impaired the reputation of a less active, popular, and successful man. Above all, he was redeemed by his gracious and able wife, a true Lady Bountiful, a brilliant hostess, and a friend esteemed by Queen Victoria.

* * *

"Mrs. Bish"

"Mrs. Bish," a daughter of the Court Jeweller of Vienna, had, indeed, become a great force in London Society, and her beautiful character would alone have atoned for her husband's occasional lapses from discretion. The magnificent benevolences of his later years commended Mr. Bischoffsheim to all, and he died generally esteemed and loved.

* * *

Missionaries in Avilion

It is proposed to restore Glastonbury Abbey, and to use it, when restored, as a missionary college, and for this purpose the Duke of Westminster has lent Grosvenor House for a meeting on Thursday, May 14. The reason why such a pathetic fate should be assigned to England's oldest Abbey is fairly obvious, for it will be remembered that, according to ancient legend, it was to the island-valley of Avilion that Joseph of Arimathea, with eleven others, was sent by St. Philip to evangelise Britain. Glastonbury was, therefore, the home of the first English mission, as well as the shrine of the San Graal and the burial place of King Arthur and his erring Queen. The merest fragment remains of the once magnificent and wealthy Abbey of Glastonbury. St. Joseph's Chapel is the best preserved and most interesting portion of the Abbey ruins, and of all our ecclesiastical buildings. "Ye Olde Pilgrim's Hostelry," now called the George Hotel, is one of the most alluring of the sights of the town.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

An Incident in the Oakley Hunt and Scots Guards Point-to-Point (near Bedford)

Mr. Guilt trying to extricate his horse, Millstone, in the United Hunt Cup, won by Mr. F. Barbour's Nimble Kate

Philanthropic Designs on Glastonbury

Some Gardens

Elsewhere in this number of THE BYSTANDER is a good deal about Lord Ashtown, the landlord who has braved the Powers in Ireland; on the next page a picture of his wife; and elsewhere, too, a Gardening Supplement. I am triply reminded, therefore, that, in Lady Ashtown's beautiful gardens at Woodlawn, Co. Galway, so warm and soft is the air, so mild the climate, palms and tropical plants flourish out of doors all through the winter, and already everywhere is spread the flush of Spring. Lady Ashtown, who is Irish by birth and breeding, and is seldom seen in England, is a most enthusiastic and successful gardener. She spends nearly all the year at Woodlawn, and, with her splendid roses and begonias, is a formidable annual competitor at the Galway County Show. Lady Ashtown is an expert lawn tennis player. She also plays golf, and was at one time a member of the Galway Golf Club.

St. Joseph's Chapel, Glastonbury

Considered a gem of architecture. It marks the spot where the first Christian church in England was alleged to have been built by Joseph of Arimathea in A.D. 60. The present ruin was built after the fire in 1184. The proposal now is to restore Glastonbury Abbey as a missionary college

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A Professional Lady Gardener

In England, where conditions climatic, if not political, are rather less favourable, the cult of the garden is a rather more strenuous pastime. Gardening in England, in fact, might well be prescribed as a species of safety-valve for those ladies who hunger ardently to enter the fiery fields and plains of politics. The work is rather less rough, and the fight with Nature several shades more fitting, than the fight with man. The Hon. Frances Wolseley, pictures of whose gardening school at Glynde are in this number, considers horticulture a most suitable occupation for gentle-

Photos *Craigie Hackett*

YE OLD PILGRIM'S INN, GLASTONBURY

Now called the George Hotel, where the Abbots of Glastonbury entertained their guests. It was built about 1475 by Abbot John Selwood

Gardening for Gentlewomen

women. She herself is a practical gardener, and, though, by special remainder, a future Viscountess in her own right, cares not at all for frivolities and frocks. Such lighter leanings remain on the maternal side of her family, for the present Viscountess Wolseley, although herself once a gardener, and now the very hard-working, business-like president of the Ladies' Park Club in Knightsbridge, at one time shared with Mme. Carnot, wife of the French President, the honour of being the best-dressed woman in Europe. The future Lady Wolseley, by the way, is an expert needlewoman. She has revived an ancient form of embroidery almost too complex for description. She will inherit with her title one of the finest collections of Sheffield plate in the kingdom (Viscountess Wolseley is an ardent collector), as well as some old Irish silver, which includes several now priceless potato rings.

Lady Ashtown and a relative, Miss Trench, at Woodlawn, Co. Galway

Her ladyship, whose husband is so deeply involved in Irish political troubles, is a keen horticulturist, and possesses some of the most beautiful gardens in Ireland

* * *

Short and Otherwise

Gaily and gladly, and in all innocence and good faith, England takes her part in Quebec's great tercentenary celebrations this summer, the *entente cordiale* of the moment being cemented by the Prince of Wales in person, all the Atlantic Fleet in being, and Mr. Frank Lascelles, of Pageant repute, in particular. For the nonce, Briton and Canadian are truly man and brother; only sister France stands coldly by. We may forget, but she does not, that France, not England, founded Canada. For decades, more or less isolated all the time, they have nursed their smouldering memories. The humiliation of the Plains of Abraham is less easy to forget than the British triumph, and what help or interest the French in Quebec have given to Earl Grey's elaborate scheme of rejoicing has been doled out with manifest reluctance.

* * *

The "Flaming Hero"

In our Quebec photographs the Wolfe monument is included. No better description of this famous soldier can be given than that which, in Sir Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty," compares him with his adversary, the fiery and impetuous Montcalm. Wolfe bore melancholy in every line of his figure, and carried his exhaustless spirit in a body *gauche* and shapeless. His straight red hair, his face defying all regularity, with the nose thrust out like a wedge, and the chin falling back from an affectionate sort of mouth, his tall, straggling frame, and far from athletic shoulders, all challenged contrast with the compact, handsome, graciously shaped Montcalm. In Montcalm were all manner of things to charm, but in the eye of the British General, whose path of glory led but to the grave, burned that "bright furnace of daring resolve, which gave to England her sound desire."

Photo *Clarke and Hyde*

TEACHING THE YOUNG GARDENING IDEA

The Hon. Frances Wolseley instructing her pupils at her school at Glynde, Sussex. Miss Wolseley, who is using the fork in the photograph, is the daughter and heiress of the famous Viscount, and is an advocate of gardening as a "most suitable occupation for gentlewomen"

The Tercentenary of Quebec

CANADA'S MOST HISTORIC CITY TO BE VISITED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES

A Typical Quebec Township: Beauport, near the Montmorenci Falls

Wolfe's Memorial on the Plains of Abraham

Stereographs Copyright *Underwood, London and New York*

The Best Fortified Town in the Western World: Quebec, as seen across the St. Lawrence from Levis

"Pageantitis" is not confined to England alone, for the infection has now spread to Canada, where a magnificent pageant will be one of the chief features of the celebrations at the Tercentenary of Quebec. This will include the representation of the founding of Quebec by the French explorer, Champlain, in 1608, down to the taking of Quebec by Wolfe in 1759; but though the modern representatives of both the French and English regiments which took part in the battle will be drawn up on the historic Plains of Abraham, instead of a sanguinary encounter, the Prince of Wales, who is visiting Canada for the purpose, will hand to Sir Wilfrid Laurier the deed of gift by which the battlefield will be handed over to the Canadians to be transformed into a great national park. Intense interest is being taken in the Dominion in these celebrations, and the greatest pleasure is manifested at the Prince's visit

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"The Metropolis." By Upton Sinclair. (Arnold: 6s.)
"The Man Who Was Thursday." By G. K. Chesterton. (Arrowsmith: 6s.)
"Many Junes." By Archibald Marshall. (Methuen: 6s.)
"Joseph Redhorn." By J. J. Bell. (Hodder: 5s.)
"Benedictine." By E. H. Lacon Watson. (Brown, Langham.)

"The Metropolis." By Upton Sinclair

Mr. Upton Sinclair is a Socialist. That is, he is at war with Society as at present constituted. I have just read *The Metropolis* (Arnold: 6s.), which tells me how it is constituted in America. I have read it, spellbound, from cover to cover. It is not much of a story, and the hero is strangely lacking in strength and purpose. But the *exposé* it gives of the extravagance, the degeneracy, and the general moral perversity of the "Four Hundred" is clear and uncompromising. A good many of the millionaires, millionairesses, and scions characterised are easily recognisable, and the Thaw trials had already familiarised the British public with a good many of the facts as to the sins of Society on Fifth and Madison Avenues, at Newport, on Long Island, and in the country places around the city. Even one or two other novelists had covered some of Mr. Sinclair's ground: Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson gave us a lot of racy detail in "Lady Betty Across the Water," as also did Mr. R. W. Chambers in "The Fighting Chance" and "The Younger Set." But Mr. Sinclair is more thorough, because he writes with a purpose. He is a Fat Boy of Fiction; he wants to make our flesh creep.

* * *

The Cover of Mr. Upton Sinclair's remarkable new novel about Society life in New York, published by Mr. Arnold

Is Society Socialistic?

As a Socialist, of course, Mr. Sinclair would have us destroy the evil thing. He foreshadows another civil war as the outcome of the people's resentment. It is, therefore, I suppose, hopeless to ask him to apply the principle *fas est et ab hoste doceri*; to see whether there is not, in the thing he would destroy, the essence of that which he would enjoy. Is there not a good deal of Socialism about Society itself—particularly that section about which Mr. Sinclair writes? The Four Hundred is, I should say, the most perfect Commune on the face of the earth. Membership is dependent not on birth or rank—or even on the actual possession of wealth—but essentially on the individual's fitness to maintain a certain moral standard and to do a certain amount of hard work. The fact that the moral standard is the lowest on the human schedule, and the work demanded the squandering of wealth on the most stupendous scale of stupidity and imbecility, does not in the least detract from that fact. The principle is there: The Four Hundred expects every fool to do his duty—the bigger the fool you are the bigger your capacity for folly. It will judge you solely on the amount of work you do. If your *forte* is mere physical activity, then there are dinners, balls, receptions, hunts, country house-parties, yachting, automobile and private train excursions, bridge, etc., etc., in which your participation is expected. Be present, and do your foolish duty, and Society tolerates you. You remain "in." If your *forte* is "intellectual," there is rich field for your labour. Think out a new vice, or revive a forgotten one. Give a dinner-party, in the middle of which a pie is opened and out steps a lightly-clad young female; or one at which the principal guest is a monkey; or where the guests are clad as vegetables. Take a suite of rooms at a leading hotel for your pet poodle. Indulge in champagne baths; play bridge for a month without a break. There are plenty of fields for new ideas; exploit them, and Society will not only tolerate your continued membership, but honour you by its admiration.

* * *

Communism in Full Swing

Socialism a universal brotherhood? The Four Hundred is better still. It is a universal husbandhood. Women's Rights? They haven't any wrongs. The care of children? They solve that by the simple device of not having any. All the first principles of Socialism are to be found in full force in New York's Smart Set. True, it is only possible to be a member if one has a few millions. But it is none the less Socialism because of that. It is assumed that you are something or other before you can attach yourself to any organised body. The Four Hundred merely asks that, somehow and somewhere, you shall have incurred the habit of wealth. In the words of Mrs. Winnie Duval, speaking of money:

> We haven't any of us earned ours; we've just got it. And it never occurs to us to expect other people to earn it—all we want to know is if they have it.

There you are! Just be "one of us." It is really hardly asking more than that, in England, one pronounces one's "h's," and not one's "g's." Instead, then, of holding up New York Society in *The*

Metropolis for our reprobation, Mr. Sinclair should have held it up for emulation as the most perfect community in the world.

* * *

The Married Author

Benedictine is the title of a very pleasing little booklet by Mr. E. H. Lacon Watson (Brown, Langham: 6*s.*). It contains sketches of married life, and gives the reflections of a newly married author who suffers from much interruption at the hands of a non-literary spouse. One does not much sympathise with the hero. He should not be so peevish over those interruptions. It is essential to the happiness of the married author that he acquires the power of confluent cerebration. The process of literary creation should not allow itself to be disturbed because, at the same time, the creator is answering questions about the amount of the butcher's bill, or the day of the invasion of the sweep. It is possible, with practice, to say "yes, love," and "no, darling," and yet to go on drafting a new theory of cosmogony, or the crucial scene of a melodrama. Mr. Lacon Watson's young man, like so many of his kind, boasts that he "suffers from too acute a sense of the ridiculous," but there is no evidence of it.

* * *

A Paradoxical Nightmare

It is said of cocktails, by some Americans, that "one's too many, but two's not near enough." That, with some authors, seems to be the case with paradoxes. Having got beyond the fatal one, there can be no restriction. Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in *The Man Who Was Thursday* (Arrowsmith: 6*s.*), has a very good paradox indeed in the serious young Anarchist who, in order to indulge comfortably in a genuine taste for bomb-throwing, adopts the disguise of—an Anarchist, because, in the words of his chief, "nobody will ever expect you to do anything dangerous then." This man would have been quite enough in the paradox line for one book. But, alas, there is another. The hero of Anarchism is entrapped by a police-detective, who, in his passion for his profession, has disguised himself as a "poet of law, a poet of order, a poet of respectability." He has been permitted to attend a subterranean Anarchist conclave in Chelsea, where, after making an Anarchist speech, he is elected by the Brotherhood to the position of "Thursday"—(the members are each named after a day of the week, and the chieftain is "Sunday"). Well, here is a pretty enough paradoxical pickle—the genuine Anarchist ousted from his place in an Anarchist society by a police-detective! But it's "not near enough" for Mr. Chesterton. It must turn out, ultimately, that the entire council of Anarchists are police-detectives too, in horrible disguises, save the chief, "Sunday," who is an allegory. The thing is truly described as "a nightmare"!

* * *

"Many Junes"

Mr. Archibald Marshall's *Many Junes* (Methuen: 6*s.*) treats, in the graceful and leisurely style of which he is a master, of that beautiful but hardly satisfactory phase of love which sometimes exists between brother and sister. The story would hardly be called a cheerful one. One can sympathise with the misfortunes of the hero, who is compelled, owing to straitened circumstances, to forego a University education, and also to part with the sister who is so dear to him. But I prefer this gifted author in his more cheerful moods.

V. C.

BATHING ONE'S SINS AWAY.

Hindoos who bathed in the Ganges and its tributaries on "Ardhodaya Jogue" (February 2, 1908) were supposed to secure the washing away of all their sins up to date, and unchallenged entry to Heaven. The "Jogue" (it is, really, a most serious affair) takes place at intervals of fifteen to twenty years, and is of astronomical fixation. The bathers at the Baboo Ghat, Calcutta, where the photograph was taken, numbered this year hundreds of thousands

CONTINENTAL CHAT.

ROULETTE ON THE STRICT "Q.T."

A private "casino," about fifty miles from Monte Carlo, in which, until recently, *roulette* could be played. It was, however, lately raided. There are similar private houses with gaming-tables elsewhere in the State, for those who prefer to gamble privately

Mr. Haldane and the Kaiser: A Highcliffe Incident

The unofficial effort of the Kaiser to influence—most likely for the good of universal peace, which happens to be also the good of *his* country—a member of the Cabinet, might be considered an unfortunate and unpremeditated accident, coming from a too-impulsive nature, were it not that during his stay in England the Emperor made one very definite attempt in the same direction, which has come to my knowledge. During his residence at Highcliffe, the Kaiser invited Mr. Haldane to what was supposed to be a most informal dinner. The Kaiser was at his very best, simple, cordial, and genial, and after beer had been drunk in the German fashion, memories of Mr. Haldane's pleasant student days were recalled with infinite tact and good humour by the Emperor. While he and his guests were enjoying the "calumet" of peace, the conversation took very suddenly a new turn. More genial than ever, the Emperor began to allude in very direct terms to the necessity of fostering more cordial relations between Germany and England. He had hardly finished the sentence when Mr. Haldane, suavely polite but very firm, rose from his seat, and with the grace of a courtier, mitigated by the consciousness of a Minister's duties to his country, cut short his Majesty's alluring speech with these simple words: "Sir, I regret to be ill-fitted for the honour of hearing your Majesty's views on that topic. It is one which would be better suited for discussion with my colleague, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs." After a slight pause, the conversation resumed a more normal course.

* * *

A Strenuous Native Prince

Prince Victor, Count of Turin, who is spoken of as a likely *fiancé* of Princess Patricia of Connaught, has recently entered his thirty-seventh year. He is one of the most brilliant cavalry officers in Italy, where his gallant and dashing style makes him a great favourite. Nowhere is he more at home than on horseback, and many are the wild feats told about him. Nothing pleases him more than a wild goose chase without object. Unlike his brother, the Duke of Abruzzi, he is a man of the outer air; books and the advancement of science are without interest for him. In Italian society, Prince Victor holds much the same position as our Prince Arthur of Connaught, for it is his special mission to represent his Sovereign on occasions such as the funeral of the late King of Portugal. On several of these occasions he has come in contact with the man whom gossips have chosen for his brother-in-law.

* * *

A Too, Too Simple King!

Since the birth of his son and heir, the King of Italy has shown even more dislike for State ceremony than ever, and his people, who were at first charmed by the simple manners of their Sovereign, have begun to be of opinion that even simplicity can be exaggerated. The King performs the social duties which are necessary, but no more, and he likes nothing better than to drive his own motor-car incognito, and pass in the crowd unobserved.

In the time of King Humbert, the fame of the Royal stables spread even to foreign countries. Shortly after his succession, however, King Victor Emmanuel sold off most of the horses, keeping only those that were of necessity. In their place he has now ten French motor-cars, which he drives himself, at the rate of sixty kilometres an hour.

* * *

The American Embassy

The first official reception at the American Embassy was quite an event in Paris life. The house, which is situated in the Rue Francois I., and was opened to the official world on the 3rd, has its history. It is said to be the house in which Francois I. often stayed, and which belonged to him. Official receptions have no particular character. The same diplomatic circles, the same Ministers of State, the same high officials and Army and Naval officers come together, shake hands, adjourn to the buffet, eat the same cake and the same ices, say the same pleasant words to the host and hostess, and shiver in the same way on the doorstep till their carriage can be found. In the present case, however, more interest was attached to this function, firstly because Mr. and Mrs. White were yet little known in Paris, especially Mrs. White, who is tall, handsome, and *distinguée*. The record of the Whites in Rome was excellent. They have come to Paris with all the prestige of being sympathetic, and a charming host and hostess. It is true that it is not difficult to do better than the McCormicks, who were a social failure. Mrs. White has, all the same, a difficult task to perform in parrying the enterprising advances of the "all and sundry" of the American visitors to Paris, everyone of whom expects to be received at the Embassy, and to be made at home there.

At the official reception there were very few Americans, the bulk having been entertained at a reception on Independence Day. This, nevertheless, did not detract from the distinction of the gathering.

* * *

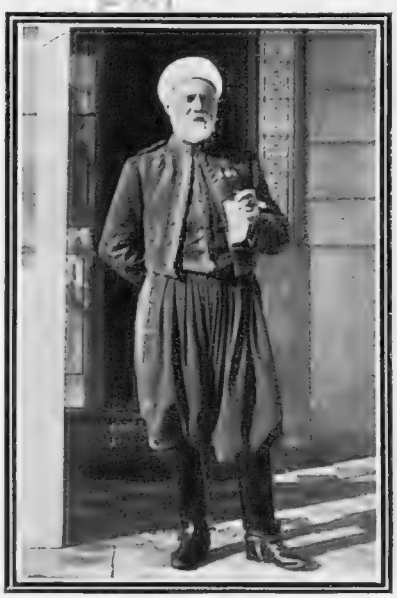
France and the Morocco Trouble

Things are turning out as badly as possible in Morocco. The whole business is becoming thoroughly unpopular in France, where everybody expects the expedition to become a most costly affair, without any benefit whatsoever to the French people. *Cherchez l'Allemagne* has become a proverb, and Germany's official acquiescence in the sending of new troops gives no satisfaction whatsoever, because people fancy the end will be the permanent occupation of Morocco and compensation to Germany, after all. Kaid Maclean's release has, by the way, been followed by an ingenious, but unsuccessful attempt on the part of the manager of the London Hippodrome to induce Raisuli to appear at that place of entertainment as a "star turn"!

* * *

The Shah and France

The Shah of Persia is only waiting for domestic affairs to quiet down before carrying out his project of visiting Europe. The place he longs to visit, or, rather, re-visit, is Paris, for the Shah was educated by a Frenchman, and his favourite literature and chief intellectual interests are all connected with France. In fact, he is much more a European than an Oriental. He carries this out even in his family life, having only one wife, and respecting European ideas in all his private relations. His wife, by-the-by, is his cousin. She has not, however, received a European education, and the only foreign language of which she has any knowledge is French, which she speaks with the greatest difficulty—in fact so badly that she has to resort to the services of an interpreter when receiving the ladies of the diplomatic circle. The Shah is thirty-eight years of age, active, intelligent, and greatly in sympathy with the Parliamentary aspirations of his people. Among the most progressive leaders, curiously enough, are a number of members of the Royal family. In the Shah's private circle the feeling is strongly in favour of recent reforms. There are, of course, a great many of the privileged class who are loth to sink to the level of equality which modern progress means, but the vast majority of the Shah's people have become enthusiastic progressists, and the result of the short trial of European municipal institutions, based on the French model, regular financial laws, and a homogeneous system of taxation, has been to teach the people the advantage of a regular over an irregular system of Government.



The Kaid's First Re-appearance

The first photograph of Kaid Maclean, taken at his villa near Tangier, since he was released by Raisuli after eight months' captivity

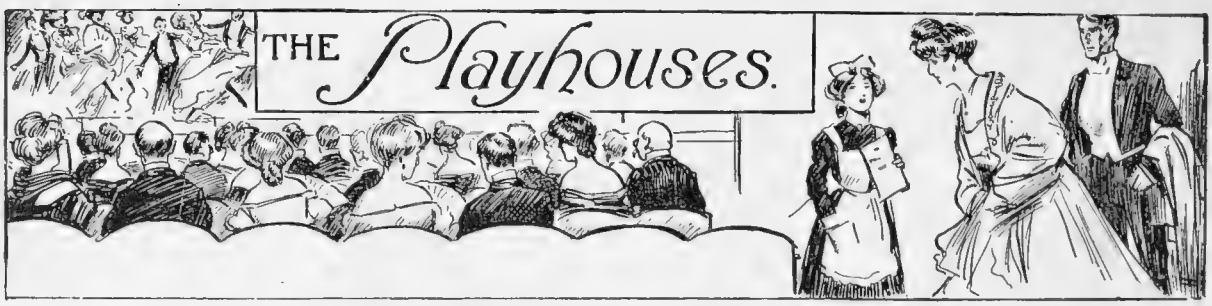
* * *

A Progressive Monarch

The Shah, in consequence of the readiness with which he has accepted these improvements, has grown rapidly in popularity, and if his life has been attempted, it was not done by the progressive portion of his people, but by fanatics, hostile to European influence. He has been extremely well advised in all he has done, especially by the Muezzins, who combine the functions of priest and professor, and who, strangely enough, have taken the lead in reforming the administration of the country. It may be added that, although the Shah and his Parliament have adopted French models in nearly all their reforms, the Persians have long regarded Great Britain as essentially their protector and friend, and there is a great deal of soreness felt at the recent Anglo-Russian Treaty. On the occasion of the Shah's visit to Europe, advantage will probably be taken of the opportunity to convince his Majesty and the Persian people that Great Britain has not lost interest in her one-time *protegée*.

Photos *Topical Agency*

Trying to Trap the Trapper: Mr. F. Trussel, of the London Hippodrome, who has just returned from a fruitless visit to Tangier to try to induce Raisuli to appear at his theatre



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

THE HICKS THEATRE

"A Waltz Dream"

The new operetta imported all the way from Vienna, and the cause, if rumour be true, of much tribulation on the part of those who "bowdlerised" the book, should fill the hearts of the great "unplayed" with joy. I can imagine a writer of poems by inclination, of stage lyrics by necessity; and a composer of music by inclination, of musical comedy by necessity—I can imagine these associates walking away from the Hicks Theatre on air. "If we couldn't do better than that" will prove the *motif* of their reveries. For *A Waltz Dream* is inferior stuff. Those who have the hardihood to follow the story closely will detect in this bald, unimaginative English version traces of a genuine romance. Well told, it would be a pretty story. A young Viennese Lieutenant, a commoner, is commanded to marry the Princess Helene of Flausenthurn. Where the blushing bride looks for love she finds respect. The Prince kisses the hand of his bride, and goes off to revel in a Garden Restaurant which, for him, is turned into a Paradise by the strains of a ladies' orchestra from his beloved Vienna. Freedom from Court restraint and from official love-making gives tilt to the unstable senses of Lieutenant Niki, the Prince-Consort. Franzi, the leader of the orchestra, Franzi, who is all temperament (and can sing of the success which comes to the girl of temperament), Franzi, the untrammelled, the bewitching, does the rest. They have their brief hour of love. The dream is rudely dispelled by the advent of Duty, in the form of the Princess. Reluctantly the Prince treads the measure of the Divine Waltz with his Princess. Franzi dashes down from her pavilion and thrusts them apart. But she is a mere music-girl, and her rival is a Princess. Poor Franzi, with shaking shoulders, must climb the steps of her pavilion, and must take up her violin to play an exit for her lover and her Royal Highness. Back at the castle the Prince's feelings undergo a change. Duty still grips his wrist, but he resolves to drag his captor with him into pleasant fields. He makes love to his bride, and they join lips to the Dream Waltz played by the broken-hearted Franzi! Here is a romantic tale. The same tale with an unhappy ending has been told by Anthony Hope and by the author of "Old Heidelburg." The "bowdlers" responsible for the English version must be congratulated upon expurgating anything likely to offend English taste. Unfortunately, they have destroyed the sentiment of the operetta in the process. It is not easy to turn Continental "life" into English daintiness. But the metamorphosis might have been effected.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

A Brilliant Young Character Actor

Mr. Edmund Gwenn's excellent low-life character acting was the chief feature of *The Lord of Latimer Street*, the clever play by Oliver Madox Hueffer, which, however, only enjoyed such a very brief run at Terry's Theatre. It is to be hoped that we may have an early opportunity of again seeing him in another part of this nature

The Cast

The cast are as much to blame for the general heaviness as the adaptors. With the exception of Miss Gertie Millar, no one member of the cast entered into the spirit of the operetta.

Miss Mary Grey, as the Princess, contented herself with singing the music. She has some delightful notes in her voice, but her high notes are too open. Mr. Robert Evett, too, sang with charm and expression, but he was the singer first and the actor afterwards in a part which called aloud for a reversal of the rôles.

The very important part of Friedrike, the Lady-in-Waiting, was undertaken at very short notice by Miss Evelyn Tysert, owing to the sudden indisposition of Miss Florence Parfrey. In these circumstances, Miss Tysert must be congratulated upon the very plucky manner in which she overcame the difficulties of the score. But her very natural nervousness told upon the general performance. There is a regrettable absence of lightness, of *esprit*, in the whole cast. The English "book" is of a sort that calls for additional talent on the part of its interpreters.

SKETCHED AT THE HICKS THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW

The score must prove a sad disappointment to those who have come to regard all Viennese melody as light and haunting. The trail of the commonplace is over the whole operetta. We have composers in England in the lyrical field who can, as our American friends say, " make rings round " Oscar Straus.

COURT THEATRE

" Mrs. Bill."

It is a mistake, I think, for playwrights to supply definitions, or, to use a technical phrase, " sub-headings," to their plays. *Mrs. Bill* is labelled quite correctly " a slight comedy of pleasant people," but Captain John Kendall would have been better advised to let his audience make their own analysis. Furthermore, by labelling his mixture, the author has made it unpalatable to a considerable number of his audience. There are more playgoers than the guileless would ever suspect who like their drama strong. Mention the adjective " slight " to them and they commence to sniff. They are out for their " money's worth," and no amount of argument can convince them that any play that can be designated slight is worth paying half a guinea to see. This playgoer wants blood and action. He cannot follow the subtleties of comedy. He pines for " situations " which will act directly upon his nerve centres.

Photo *Reut.nger*

Miss Madge Lessing, now appearing at the Olympic Theatre, Paris

That our stage favourites are equally popular with Parisian audiences is proved by the number of English and American actresses now appearing in the Gay Capital. Last week we published a photograph of Miss May de Sousa, who is drawing crowded audiences to the Moulin Rouge, and now we give a portrait of the ever-popular Miss Madge Lessing, who is appearing with great success in *The Prince of Pilsen* at the Olympic

Moreover, a battering ram would not knock out of his head the notion firmly wedged therein that a play, dignified by the name of play, cannot be unfolded in less than three hours. I solemnly aver that this playgoer would rather be bored for three mortal hours than be amused for an hour and a half. If you went to him and said, " My dear fellow, I can recommend you a play which I promise will afford you hilarious enjoyment between the hours of 8.30 and 10," he would shake his head solemnly and answer, " Sorry, old chap, it's not worth the price. Besides, I should be home at half-past ten ! Never heard of such a thing ! "

But, the reader argues, surely this playgoer would be able to tell that *Mrs. Bill* was merely a slight comedy of pleasant people without being told so ? And so your argument falls to the ground.

By no means. This blood-craving playgoer is often an ignorant beast. If Captain Kendall's play had been labelled an " Indian Love Story," my type of playgoer might have swallowed it. But to label a play " slight " is to touch him in his tenderest part—the pocket. It stands to reason that a play which, on the admission of its author, is underproof, is not worth the price of admission. Slight, indeed !

If you are not the type of playgoer I have described, then *Mrs. Bill*, with its life-like presentation of Anglo-Indian life and character, will amuse you.

E. C. S.

PALACE THEATRE

Miss Maud Allan's appearance at the Palace in " The Vision of Salome " is proving one of the music-hall sensations of recent times. Miss Allan is superb. The grace of her, the expression she succeeds in imparting to every movement of her supple limbs are things quite foreign to the type of dancing we are accustomed to. There are, doubtless, many who, upon beholding the photograph we reproduce on page 605, will cavil at the exceedingly scanty raiment she assumes for the dance. My advice to such as these is go and see the performance. There can be none who will be other than too engrossed in her exquisite art to take exception to this light attire. One is lost in admiration, not untinged with horror, at the way in which she performs her dance for so ghastly a reward as the head of St. John the Baptist. And upon winning her reward, the pantomime she goes through is very real, very wonderful, and very terrible. Most delightful, too, is Miss Allan's dancing to Chopin and Mendelssohn music, and I should like to see one or two of these dances included in the Palace programme.

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Mr. Otho Stuart's Retirement

Playgoers will learn with regret of Mr. Otho Stuart's intention to retire from management at the conclusion of the run of *Mrs. Bill* at the Court. When he was twenty-one, Mr. Stuart decided to adopt the stage as a profession, and became a pupil of Hermann Vezin. Early in his career he was with Mr. F. R. Benson. While with Mr. Benson he played with great success at the Globe as Oberon in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Of late years he has been in management at the Adelphi and then at the Court. At the former theatre he produced *Tristram and Iseult*, by Comyns Carr, and *The Virgin Goddess*, by Rudolf Besier, which, if they were but short-lived, are two of the finest plays of recent years. The pleasant memory of two of Mr. Stuart's Shakespearean revivals, *The Taming of the Shrew* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, will long remain with us.

R. M.

THE GREAT IRISH CONSPIRACY

FIRST ARTICLE

How a Landlord Lives in Ireland: Lord Ashtown inspecting a farm

In this picture is shown Lord Ashtown, armed with a gun while on the apparently peaceful occupation of inspecting one of his own farms. The small figure in the distance is an armed policeman, one of many who invariably guard him from attack. The reason for this is that Lord Ashtown has been proclaimed by the United Irish League, whose determination is to make it impossible for landowners to remain in Ireland, or to hold on to their properties. The picture above shows "Woodlawn," his lordship's seat in Co. Galway

THE GREAT IRISH CONSPIRACY

The symbol of Irish "tranquillity." A member of the Royal Irish Constabulary

Yesterday was St. Patrick's Day, and within a few days there will be an official debate in the House of Commons, when Mr. J. Redmond, M.P., leader of the Nationalist Party, will move an uncompromising resolution to urge that the rule of Ireland be placed in the hands of the Irish people — a resolution which will have the encouragement of Mr. Birrell's recent assertion that Ireland is now in a state of tranquillity.

The question thus poised in the balance is one, it seems to us, of paramount importance to Englishmen, and yet about the real state of affairs in Ireland comparatively little is known in this country. In Ireland to-day not merely agitation and sedition are rife; that has been Ireland's normal state for centuries; but a vast conspiracy has been set on foot with the intention of overthrowing not only British rule, but the entire social fabric. The various organisations behind the scenes, which are thus quietly, but none the less thoroughly, at work, are most sinister in their aims, though ostensibly harmless leagues. We propose to publish a series of articles with the purpose of laying before the British public the true state of affairs. We hold no brief for either party, we have no axe to grind; but we want to show why the green fields of Ireland are lying useless, why a land that has the richest soil in Europe is bankrupt, why her diminishing population is three-quarters that of London, while Erin should be, like England, a rich and prosperous country, capable of adding to the power of the Empire and of maintaining a population of thirty millions instead of less than five. Irish politicians put it down to English rule, and therefore ask for Home Rule. This first article deals with some of the leading personalities involved in the movement.

A PROMINENT LANDLORD

THERE is probably no Irish landlord who has been more prominently before the public eye in recent years than Frederick Oliver Trench, third Baron Ashtown, or more generally execrated as a type of rapacious and hard-hearted landlord who evicts tenants on the slightest pretext. He is perhaps the most notable of all that limited section of landlords who are still fighting, with their backs to the wall, against the powerful and, as we shall show later, unscrupulous forces of the United Irish League—an octopus whose tentacles now spread into every remotest corner of the country. He is a very good landlord, and was acknowledged to be so even by those who are now his declared enemies. What, then, was his offence? Seven years ago he dismissed a few incompetent employees and replaced them with competent men, who were Scotsmen and Protestants. At the same time he found it necessary to evict one or two tenants, and decided to work the vacant farms himself. And the result? A visit to Lord Ashtown's place at Woodlawn, in Co. Galway, supplies the almost incredible answer.

UNDER MARTIAL LAW

From the moment of alighting at the railway station, the visitor becomes aware that the district is full of armed constabulary, continuously on duty. All the approaches to the house are guarded. When Lord Ashtown—a conspicuous figure, six foot two in height, and with the twinkling blue eyes of the typical Irishman—wishes to inspect his stables or his conservatory, he is accompanied by a file of armed men. When he drives through his own property, his car is followed by another carrying armed constabulary, and there is an advance-guard and a rear-guard of police riflemen mounted on cycles. If he goes to a neighbouring town the guard is reinforced, at every few hundred yards the road is policed, and his car is signalled from point to point. If he travels by rail the constabulary go with him. Even in Dublin itself he is constantly shadowed by plain-clothes men.

LAUGHING AT MURDER

Such precautions are absolutely necessary, as was shown by the bomb outrage last year at Glenahira in Waterford, from which he fortunately escaped unharmed. This attempt at murder the Irish M.P.'s tried to treat in the House of Commons as a joke, a piece of callousness which revolted even the accommodating sensibilities of Mr. Birrell. But the Irish Member has a peculiar and exotic humour of his own in these matters. When Lord Ashtown last summer refused to renew the agreement of a tenant who had broken its terms, an indignation meeting was promptly held in the neighbourhood, at which Mr. J. Roche, M.P., described Lord Ashtown as "the scavenger of the Unionist Party," while Mr. W. J. Duffy, M.P., still more delicately remarked that "rottenness and corruption must always come out of the stinking Trench," and enlarged unprintably upon this theme, amid great laughter and applause from his enraptured audience of Leaguers.

WEAPONS OF THE LEAGUE

All the weapons, indeed, of calumny, boycotting, and outrage have been employed against Lord Ashtown, but in vain. The priests got up a cry that he was a bigot, to which there was the obvious reply that there are seventeen Catholics to every Protestant on his estate. Boycotting proved a failure, since Lord Ashtown showed that he was prepared to obtain his supplies by rail from Dublin if he could not get them otherwise. An attempt was made to enforce the provisions of the Labourers' Act, and sequestrate a part of the estate for labourers' cottages, on the ground that the property did not pay. Lord Ashtown promptly foiled this by producing his accounts. His successful resistance has only increased the hatred of those who have failed to drive him out of the country—a hatred further intensified by his public-spirited action in publishing a monthly magazine entitled "Grievances from Ireland," which provides a striking record of the cattle-driving and other amenities of the campaign against property.

THREE LEADERS OF THE MOVEMENT

MR. JOHN REDMOND, M.P.

Titular Leader of the Nationalist Party and President of the United Irish League

Photo *Lawrence*

MR. CONOR O'KELLY, M.P.

Secretary of the Irish Parliamentary Party. Prosecuted by the late Government for inciting to boycott, but absolved by the present Government

Photo *Lawrence*

MR. JOHN DILLON, M.P.

Vice-President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. He has laid down special instructions for boycotting, and stands for all that is seditious in the West of Ireland

Ireland's Virtual Dictator

THE REAL SECRET

For that is the real secret of the operations of the United Irish League, with its priestly and other backers, so far as the landlords are concerned. The policy of the League is to get tenants to neglect their farms and depreciate their value, in order that the owner may be compelled to give them up. It is not in the least a question of the popularity of a landowner or of how he manages his estate. The Leaguers want the land, and don't care how they get it—by perjury, boycotting, intimidation, outrage, or even murder. They prefer, of course, the way that gives them least trouble. For your true Leaguer is not going to work for anything if he can get it lying down. From retribution he is safe, for the universal terror which the League inspires prevents a finger being lifted or a word spoken. Monetary redress may be obtained in the Courts—for that the taxpayer is bled. Comparatively few landowners have resisted. There are some who go about, like Lord Ashtown, under continual police protection. And these are not hard men to their tenants, though, of course, it is part of the Leaguers' game to represent them as such.

THE LEADING CONSPIRATORS

And now for a glance at the other side of the picture—the forces arrayed not only against the landowner, but against all order, progress, and peaceful development, the forces which really rule Ireland to-day, so far as the word can be applied to what is much more like Anarchy. The peasantry are mere miserable pawns in the game. Behind them are the priests and the politicians, with their powerful organisations, the United Irish League, and, much older, more secret and more dangerous, the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The Gaelic League, too, is an important factor, as well as the Sinn Fein, the last, however, weakened by a conflict of aims with those of the supreme power—the priesthood. Of the machinery and methods of these societies—all working towards the same crudely Socialistic ends—we propose to deal more fully in future numbers. For the moment, we will confine ourselves to a brief description of some of the leading men of the campaign.

IRELAND'S DICTATOR

Of the politicians, without a doubt the most important is one of whom most people in England have scarcely heard. Not the least of Mr. Joseph Devlin's accomplishments is that, while he pulls the strings which make the figures dance, he manages to keep himself so well behind the scenes that his very existence is unknown to the man who culls his politics from the daily papers. Yet he is at the moment the virtual Dictator of Ireland. Mr. Devlin, before he took to politics as a profession, was a publican's assistant in Belfast. He became M.P. for North Kilkenny in 1902, now sits for West Belfast, and is still on the right side of forty. Extremely able and a powerful speaker, he is a strong man in every sense of the word. His policy, representative of that of his fellow-conspirators, is to turn every landlord and every man of standing or independence out of the country, or so to cripple him as to render him an absolutely negligible quantity.

A SINISTER SOCIETY

And here we touch the very simple, human motive animating this as other protagonists in the drama of the Great Irish Conspiracy. If there is no man of wealth or standing allowed to have any voice in the affairs of the country, the power of the men who already rule through the League and other more or less devious agencies is straightway strengthened to the point of absolutism. Of the League, Mr. Devlin is the organising secretary, and the real director of this vast Mafia society, which practically every Irishman is compelled to join, under penalty of ostracism and the most tyrannical persecution. But more important still, he is also President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, a secret society of greater antiquity and weight than the League, which in the past has been, to quote the Member for Louth, "a hideous organisation of outrage and murder," and to-day is described by Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., as "a grave danger to our public life."

INCENDIARY SPEECHES

Mr. Devlin played a prominent part in organising the recent strikes in Belfast, which culminated in such serious rioting and bloodshed. In his public speeches at various times he has urged his hearers to make "British Government impossible," has advocated the revolutionary spirit as "a spirit which they should cultivate," and has put forward as a means to their ends that of "rising in arms and fighting for liberty." When over in America he publicly extolled the notorious Patrick Ford, who brags of the dynamite campaign and canonises the Phœnix Park murderers as "martyrs." Such utterances, coming from a man in his position—the Grand High Elector of Ireland, he has been called—are of a significance the most poignant.

MR. DILLON'S INFLUENCE

Since his wife's death last year Mr. John Dillon has been a less prominent figure than heretofore in the active work of conspiracy against British rule. But if his great influence has been wielded more from the background, it has never really weakened. He is a doctor by profession, and has sat for East Mayo since 1885. He is hand-and-glove with the clerical party, and—a natural corollary—stands for all that is most reactionary in the West of Ireland, the hotbed of sedition and pauperism. Mr. Dillon is Vice-President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and has a big say in the doings of the priest-ruled Congested Districts Board, which, by its scandalously misused grants of Government money, helps so largely to pauperise the country. The pleasant little game of give-and-take (with the public funds) was strikingly illustrated by a deal which took place in connection with this same Board. Mr. Dillon got a certain Father O'Hara made a member of the Board. The Board subsequently spent no less than £500,000 of public money on Mr. Dillon's constituency of East Mayo. Father O'Hara, in 1906, nominated Mr. Dillon for re-election by the constituency in which this enormous sum had been spent. And Mr. Dillon, strange to say, was re-elected! Mr. Dillon's loyalty to the M.P.'s Oath of Allegiance can be judged from the fact that he took the leading part in denouncing the presentation of any addresses of welcome to the King when his Majesty visited Ireland. He has laid down

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

MR. JOSEPH DEVLIN, M.P.

Organising Secretary of the United Irish League, and President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. He has been termed the "Dictator of Ireland," because of his great ability and influence

special instructions for boycotting, advocates "violent agitation if it be necessary," and says the national revival—in other words, the League campaign of boycotting and outrage—"will sweep before it all vestiges of English rule in Ireland."

A CRIMINAL AGITATOR

Mr. Conor O'Kelly, M.P., is a journalist, a colleague of Mr. Dillon in the representation of Mayo, and Secretary of the Irish Parliamentary Party. He is notorious for his incitements to boycotting and all sorts of violence and outrage, and may be classed with Mr. Joseph Devlin, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, and Mr. Ginnell (now in prison for his cattle-driving activities) as one of those members of the Party who make it their business, not to pacify the country or obtain self-government by Constitutional means, but to endeavour to subvert law and order, and, incidentally, make things unpleasant for their own countrymen, who have to pay through the rates for the police work and other legal expenses which they render necessary. Mr. O'Kelly was prosecuted by the late Government for inciting to boycott, and was committed for trial, but the prosecution was withdrawn by the Liberal Administration—in order, no doubt, to bolster up Mr. Birrell's preposterous fiction of Ireland's "tranquillity."

THE TITULAR LEADER

Lastly comes Mr. John Redmond, the titular leader of the Irish Party, but more of a figure-head than a force in the palpitating actualities

The Power of the Political Priest

DR. O'DONNELL, BISHOP OF RAPHOE

Episcopal head of the Congested Districts, and a leading member of the Congested Districts Board, which has the annual control of a large sum of money

of the revolutionary conspiracy. The limitation of his power may be largely ascribed to the opposition which he has rashly dared to offer to his masters, the priests. After the death of Parnell, he had the audacity to denounce clerical interference in politics, but he was soon brought to heel, and made his humble submission. Once again, at the last General Election, he came into conflict with Cardinal Logue over the matter of the candidature of Mr. Tim Healy, and once again he had to toe the mark. But in rank disloyalty, at any rate, Mr. Redmond yields to no one. "If I believed there was the smallest chance of success," he actually declared in the House of Commons, "I would have no hesitation in advising my countrymen to end the present system by armed revolt." Mr. Redmond is the President of the United Irish League.

THE POWER OF THE PRIESTS

But the greatest power of all in Ireland is held by the priests. The priests are everywhere and in everything. The clerical population of Ireland is huge and excessive, many times greater in proportion than that of any other Catholic country. While the general population has been rapidly declining, the clerical population has been going up by leaps and bounds. The priests are the ultimate force that counts in Irish politics, and control all the organisations. Most of the district chairmen of the United Irish League are priests, and at every important meeting a large contingent of priests is present. The programme of the Sinn Fein Society includes an Irish National Council, instead of the contingent of M.P.'s at Westminster. This did not please the Vatican, as weakening Catholic influence in the English Parliament. The word was passed to the priests, who very soon came to handgrips with Sinn Fein, and Sinn Fein, of course, was worsted. The priests run the elections, not only for Parliament, but for urban councils and parish committees. They obtain all the available posts with salaries attached for their nominees, and the layman without the word of the priest has not the ghost of a chance. They are censors of the Press, and few newspapers can live against the boycott of their "Index Expurgatorius."

HANDLING THE MONEY

Their supremacy over the Congested Districts Board, which disburses large sums for relief purposes, has added enormously to their power within the last score of years. Their opportunities for pauperising the peasantry naturally endear them to a work-hating class, which is correspondingly inflamed against the landlords who cannot show the same lavishness with other people's money. But it does not do to make any real or lasting improvement in the peasants' condition. Grants are only made where the poor law valuation is low. Directly it rises, exeunt the doles, of which the peasant gets some, and the clergy most. And while the priests are giving with one hand to the idle and thriftless, they are taking with the other from the more industrious and prosperous members of their flock. A farmer who had a dowry of £500 to give his daughter on her marriage was compelled to pay £25 to the priest, who refused to perform the ceremony, or let any of his colleagues do so, otherwise. Such instances could be multiplied, and this clerical reign of terror extends not only to church contributions, but to all the affairs of the people, if they have any property to dispose of, during their lives, or on their very deathbeds. There is no appeal from the priest; he has seen to that by sedulously sapping the relations between the people and any other class. And he keeps the peasant in his power by encouraging him to remain slothful, dirty, and ignorant. In districts where large grants have been made by the Congested Districts Board, the children in the schools, which, of course, are in the hands of the priests, are filthy, badly lodged, and badly fed. After ten years in such a school boys are frequently still unable to read and write. In two large schools the inspectors found whole classes of boys engaged in—knitting stockings! One boy of thirteen had been at school seven years, and had never done anything but knit.

CATHEDRALS—WHILE THE PEOPLE STARVE

Meanwhile, in the same districts, magnificent churches and cathedrals, costing as much as £100,000, are being built by the priests. For instance, in the miserable town of Roscommon, in the midst of the dirt and decay of this home of distress, disorder, and cattle-driving, they have erected a great pretentious church, covered with glittering gilded ornament, at a cost of £80,000. And the population is under 2,000. In Roscommon, by the way, stands also another monument to priestly finance in the shape of the Loughglynn House Convent. The Congested Districts Board were offered £11,000 for the building by a layman of standing, but they preferred to sell it for £2,100 to a community of nuns from Belgium, who are now carrying on convent industries to the detriment of the local poor. At Letterkenny, a poor little country village in Donegal, with a population also of a couple of thousand—one of the districts covered by the operations of the Congested Districts Board—a vast cathedral and other ecclesiastical buildings have been built (since the formation of the Board), of which the solid stonework and costly decorations absorbed no less than £100,000. In Kerry, another centre of pauperism, the local Bishop sends round the hat for a cathedral at Killarney, which is to be "one of the most beautiful cathedrals built in modern times." And within a stone's throw of the Bishop's palace are slums of a foulness which could not be paralleled in any European capital.

GIVEN TO FOREIGNERS

And the work of building and decorating these churches, which is calculated to mean an annual turn-over of nearly a million pounds, is not even

Photos *Lafayette*

CARDINAL LOGUE

Titular Head of the Catholic Mission in Ireland. He has, with the other Bishops, given his blessing to the United Irish League, whose meetings are commonly held under the chairmanship of the local priest

Cathedrals—While the People Starve!

distributed in Ireland, but handed over to Continental contractors and workmen. Nor are the clerics particular about the sources from which they obtain the funds for these colossal and unnecessary churches. The Bishops of Clonfert and Galway actually wrote to Pat Ford, already mentioned as a notorious advocate of dynamiting and murder, to get them money from Irishmen in the United States for the Clonfert Cathedral.

A POLITICAL BISHOP

The most important man in the political priesthood, and chief director of this same Congested Districts Board, is the Most Reverend Patrick O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, to which diocese he was consecrated twenty years ago. He is one of the trustees of the United Irish League, treasurer of the League Parliamentary Fund, and patron of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. His attitude towards the campaign of intimidation and outrage is sufficiently indicated by the fact that he is a close ally of Mr. Joseph Devlin, and has issued a stirring appeal to the country to support the militant policy of Mr. Redmond. And his benediction, like that of the other bishops, has been formally conferred upon the United Irish League, with all its works of disloyalty and lawless violence.

THE PRIEST IN POLITICS: AN OBJECT-LESSON

Roscommon's new cathedral—erected at a cost of £80,000, in a town with a population of 2,000, an idea of the prosperity of which may be gained by a glance at the picture below

THE CLOVEN HOOF

Bishop O'Donnell has publicly displayed the cloven hoof of Socialism and class-hatred, and has even appealed for sympathy to "the toiling masses of Great Britain, who have good reasons of their own to join with us in overthrowing the ascendency of the classes." As Lord High Almoner of the C.D.B., with practically full command of its monetary resources, he is naturally the man above all others in the poorest and most disorderly districts. Before he came on to the Board he was chairman of the shareholders of the "Freeman's Journal." He, like Father O'Hara, was placed on the Board through the agency of Mr. John Dillon, and it is since the appointment of these two priests that it has developed its present functions of a great land-purchasing and pauperising concern, manipulated in the interests and in close touch with the United Irish League.

PRIEST ELECTORS

The official head of the Church in Ireland is Cardinal Logue, who recently, as the result of an interview with Mr. Birrell, gave orders that cattle-driving should cease—temporarily—in order that the Catholic University Scheme might not be obstructed in its passage. He is a great supporter of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and a leading subscriber to the funds of the United Irish League. He has the last word in the election of candidates for Parliament, and his victory over Mr. Redmond in this matter has already been recorded. Bishop Clancy, of Elphin, is another firm friend of Mr. Joseph Devlin—Mr. Devlin never makes Mr. Redmond's mistake of alienating the clergy—and presided at a lecture in December last at which Mr. Devlin glorified John Boyle O'Reilly, a Fenian who was sent to penal servitude for perjury and treason of the meanest kind. The Bishop himself subsequently described O'Reilly as "a whole-souled patriot" and "an embodiment of unselfish patriotism and persistent self-sacrifice."

Photos *Lawrence*

ROSCOMMON'S MAIN STREET

Roscommon is one of the centres of agitation, and, like all such centres, is in a deplorable state of poverty. Nevertheless, it has recently been beautified by the erection of a costly and magnificent cathedral! Similar object-lessons in the misrule of the priesthood are to be observed in many other parts of the country

Next week's Article on "The Great Irish Conspiracy" will deal with the United Irish League

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES.—NO. 121

POOR PLAYERS

By R. RAMSAY

"Life is a walking shadow, a poor player"

"MY God, Peggy, don't you care?"

The woman was shaking with fright and anger; she had rushed up the stairs, shut the door, and flung her back against it, while she cried out her tidings. She had to be dramatic, poor soul; it was a trick of the trade.

"Care? Why should I?"

"I tell you he's gone—bolted—the theatre's shut——"

She stopped for breath, and her eyes were full of panic; a big woman frightened, a piteous sight. Fanny Bowman did heavy lead when wanted in Vere de Vere Langley's Company, and in between minded the wardrobes. Her garments were always as fantastic as they were shabby, because she had a way of lending herself anything that happened to look well on another actress in any part, and the things she fancied sat ill on her in the street. Her face was streaked with paint that was no longer wanted, for ill-luck had followed the strollers from place to place, and the manager had absconded, leaving his victims to walk the streets cursing him.

"We've hardly a farthing among us," hurried the woman, panting. "I changed my last sovereign yesterday. What have you got?"

Peggy List, kneeling on the rug, lifted her face. There was a queer smile in her tired dark eyes, and her lip did not falter.

"I have got a shilling," she said, standing up.

The other actress stared at her, fighting back her sobs, with unstinted admiration.

"Oh," she said, "you're the kind of woman who would die smiling."

"Isn't it awful?" she continued. "The black, strange, hopeless streets, with not a soul in them caring if we live or die. There's that old Duchess with her theatricals on to-night. I saw posters stuck up all over the town three times the size of ours. *Ours*!" with a gasp. "I hate these amateurs. All the world runs to look at their silly wooden tricks because they are Lords and Beauties. She's got Lord Linkshire—the Coming Man, they call him—helping her, and it's for a charity!"

She turned sharply.

"Oh, my God," she cried, "what are we to do?"

The other woman had lit the gas. She slipped down again by the fire, smiling into it as if nothing mattered. This was Peggy List, who played tragedy, and who was facing disaster with the strangest quiet, and a real pink in her cheeks. It was her lodging, this poor attic, furnished to suit the proverbial plight of the profession, with its stained red wall-paper, its rickety table, its two deep chairs that were only fit to drop into when tired out. The only unnatural thing about it was that there was no litter of photographs.

There was a dreadful sweetness in Peggy's smile; it almost hurt—and it had never helped her.

"Hush," she said, "you'll disturb the house."

Miss Bowman flopped down into one of the heavy chairs, and sat staring at her with her hands on her knees.

"What's the matter with you?" she said in a hoarse whisper. "You're laughing! You, my dear"—with quick alarm—"you haven't been poisoning yourself?"

"I don't know what is the matter with me," said Peggy. Her laugh was faint, and she leaned her head against the other woman's knee. "Oh, it's not that—it's only—I've been through all this before, and it brings back to me the one happy night of my life—the night I was married."

The other actress held her breath.

"I've never dared to ask you about your husband," she said, catching the little left hand in hers.

"I'll tell you," said Peggy List. She was smiling into the fire, still with wistful and reckless eyes.

"It was a night like this," she said, "just like this. The manager had left us friendless, penniless, just like this. And *he* and I stood and stared up at the theatre—and it was shut. And he asked what I was going to do. We were in a dreadful strange town in Scotland, where the people thought acting wicked and players damned. And I had nowhere to go to, and it was night. I cried. I was just a girl, and I hadn't any friends in the world. He put his arm round me in the street. 'I'll take care of you, you poor little girl,' he said. Oh, never shall I forget the rain and the dark and his dear voice telling me I was safe! He turned out his pockets. It was ridiculous how little he had, and we tramped through the rain to his lodgings. But the woman there shut the door in our faces. I was no sister of his, she said. I saw him turn white at her bitter tongue. And then he looked down at me. 'We'll have to get married, I think,' he said. 'It's so awfully respectable, and two can live cheaper than one; and I'm damned if I let any woman speak so of you.'"

She stopped to finish what was half laughter, half a sob.

"Oh, he was such a boy, so brave, so proud," she said softly. "And I was a fool, and I loved him so. He took me straight to the Sheriff—marriage in Scotland is a little thing! And then in that strange town, with every man's hand against us, and only a few shillings in our pockets, I was the most desperately happy child in the world."

She paused, and the colour died in her cheek.

"In the morning," she said, "I remembered that he had done it for my sake, not for his."

In the darkness without there was a sudden noise and clatter; a carriage was driving quickly up the street. It stopped; the horses could be heard champing and jingling their bits. The driver was asking his way to the theatre. But the two actresses upstairs heard nothing. Peggy List flung back her head and laughed.

"Oh," she cried, "you don't know what it is to love anybody so dearly that you would die for him—and yet to know that you have wronged him. What did he want with me? I was a poor girl, and he was sorry for me, and his Quixotic kindness had hurried him into a blunder that would hamper him all his life. Do you know?"—she looked up and her eyes were tragic—"one

(*Continued on page 602*)

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The Derelict

BY G. E. STUDDY

(*Continued from page 600*)

morning we had got to our last shilling—as truly, Fanny, as I've got to my last to-night—and he had gone out to look for work—common work—and a man came and asked for him. I saw him. I did not say who I was; I let him think what he liked of me, it did not matter. Because I found out that my boy's people were great people; that he had been wild and had gone on the stage in a boy's passion, and had stuck to it because he was proud. His father, the man said, had been moving heaven and earth to find him, and would forgive him almost anything if he would come back. *Almost* anything, Fanny! I learnt then what I might cost him."

"Oh!" cried the other actress, scenting drama.

"I told the man to wait for him," said Peggy List, "and I walked out of the house."

"You *left* him?"—in a shocked, incredulous scream.

"It was the only thing I could do for him," she said simply.

The other actress stared at her as if she could not believe her ears.

"But—yourself?" she cried.

"Oh," said Peggy, "I slept in the workhouse. It kept him from finding me."

"And where is he? Who——"

"I don't know," said Peggy proudly. "I would not let the man tell me his father's title or anything that would help me to injure him afterwards. I was afraid. I thought some day my heart might break for the sight of him. I thought if I heard he was ill or hurt I might go to him before I could stop myself. But if I had lost him he would be safe."

"But you are his wife."

"Ah!" said Peggy, "in Scotland, if you hold out your hand to a man and tell him so, you're his—but the man can shake you off very lightly. I've deserted him, and Scottish law will have righted him long ago."

She got to her feet, and stood gazing at the little shabby room with eyes that were wistful, laughing.

"I don't know what is the matter with me," she said, "or what is going to happen. It's so like that night years ago, and my heart beats as if I heard him. My dear, this place is a luxury to the little den that was heaven. He slept on the floor, and I had the narrow bed in the corner; but I used to get up at night softly and put my pillow under his head. And as we could not afford two chairs, I had to sit on his knee."

At the street door below there was a frantic knocking, and two or three people were running excitedly up the stairs. Fanny rushed to open the door, recognising their voices, and they burst in dripping. It was a rainy night, and they had been tramping the streets dispiritedly, but they were now exhilarated to the point of laughter.

"Ladies," cried the first man; "who plays Juliet?"

The big actress stared at them blankly.

"How can you joke?" she said in reproach.

"Joke? It's deadly serious." He spread out his hands. "Why, it rests with us, the despised professionals, the poor strollers nobody will give a shilling to see, to save the grand theatricals at the Castle. Ah!"—tragically—"a time has come, as the villain says. They murder Shakespeare at nine to-night, and the fine lady who plays Juliet had a fall hunting this afternoon, so the Duchess is in despair."

"And they heard of us——"

"The Duchess sent in her carriage. The despised professional being naturally able to play anything at a minute's notice without rehearsal!"

"Shakespeare," said Fanny bitterly. "Who's heard of him? Does she know we've been tramping the provinces with a vile melodrama?"

"Bless you, yes. Knows that we're stranded beggars. It's a desperate remedy, but, you see, the great Lord Linkshire's taking Romeo, and it's too late to put it off, since the ladies' frocks have already gone into the fashion papers. We thought perhaps Miss List——"

Fanny wheeled round with a big laugh.

"Oh, she!" she cried. "*She* plays Juliet in her sleep."

Peggy List was standing like a woman awaking from a dream. Her slight figure shook, her eyes were startled.

"Ha!" cried one of the actors, striking an attitude, "enter Juliet."

"Shut up. There's the carriage with an impatient millionaire sitting in it. We ran round first. You go, Montmorency, and bring up the ambassador."

"Wait," said the poor Juliet desperately; "I cannot play in rags."

"Oh, it was mentioned that they will dress you in cloth of gold."

Fanny Bowman plumped into a chair, and was furiously unbuttoning her boots.

"Put them on, my dear," she said, quivering with excitement. "They're more decent than yours; and hasn't your wife got a fur cloak, Crespigny?"

"Pawned it just now," said the actor grimly.

"Juliet's in luck. I suppose they'll pay her."

"Pay!" bitterly. "You fool, don't you know it's for a charity?"

"Then I hope she'll send the hat round for us poor devils."

While the men were talking, and while one of their number was carefully leading upstairs the immaculate young millionaire who was stage managing for the Duchess, the two actress were gripping each other's hands.

"Think you'll remember your lines?" said Fanny, anxiously. Peggy List lifted her dark eyes slowly; they were full of a strange excitement, and she was shaking like a leaf.

"Ah," she said, "*remember!* I've played Juliet to *his* Romeo in a barn."

. . . .

The ambassador had driven back triumphantly to the Castle, and bundled his discovery into her dressing-room. There was no time to spare. He was proud of himself, but hoped it was true that professionals never lost their heads; at any rate, they did not run about wringing their hands like his little lot. Still, as he rushed his find through the great hall they had come face to face with Lord Linkshire, and she had suddenly dropped against his arm, as weak as water. Linkshire had marched on unconscious, as was fitting in the Coming Man, with no smile on his quiet, clean-shaven face. Perhaps his soul was shut in with his ambitions; perhaps he was repenting that he was going to make a fool of himself to-night.

"Who is that?" the actress had asked him faintly.

"Oh, that's your Romeo," he had explained, holding her up, astonished. "Lord Linkshire. You've heard of him, of course. Don't you mind him." It would

(*Continued on page 604*)

Sweet Seventeen—

—AND THE CLEVEREST INGÉNUE ACTRESS IN LONDON!

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

MISS MARIE LÖHR, WHO, AS IRENE FOSTER, HAS MADE THE SUCCESS OF "HER FATHER" AT THE HAYMARKET

Success has come swiftly to Miss Marie Löhr, but it was never better deserved, for seldom have playgoers had an opportunity of witnessing more perfect acting of ingénue parts than that displayed by Miss Löhr as Irene in "Her Father" and, a few months back, as Trixie in "My Wife." It is difficult to believe that it was only seventeen years ago that she was born in Australia. Both her parents are English, and her mother, Miss Kate Bishop, was recently playing at Terry's Theatre. She came to England at an early age, and, after eight years at a boarding school, made her first appearance in "Shock-headed Peter" at the Garrick, and later as the girl in "The Babes in the Wood" at the Fulham Theatre. Then followed a tour with the Kendals, after which she played in "Colonel Newcome" at His Majesty's. As charmingly unaffected off the stage as she is on it, Miss Löhr has mastered one of the most difficult lessons of her art—the power of being absolutely natural

(*Continued from page 602*)

be confoundedly awkward if she were to collapse underneath this honour.

He bestowed her safely, and, turning to rush elsewhere, came face to face with the Duchess. She looked nervous.

"Oh, Billy," she said, in a voice much too loud for caution, "is it a very impossible sort of person?"

"Lord, no," said he. "It's a lady."

"I'm so afraid the others won't like——"

"If you mean Linkshire, don't worry. *He* won't chuck up his part because he hasn't got Lady Susan."

"Well, you're responsible," said the Duchess weakly.

"Don't apologise. Let's keep it to ourselves, and put it in the papers that a friend of yours took the part."

"The poor thing will want her advertisement——"

"Let her have it, then," said the young man, grinning. "But these papers do seize on things and make 'em look so odd. I say, what was that story they printed about Linkshire himself, about his going on the stage as a boy, and about some woman he lost sight of? Didn't they say that in the intervals of astonishing his country he still hunts high and low to find her?"

"Nonsense," said the Duchess sharply. Her nerves were a little upset.

. . . .

Peggy List was sitting in the lap of luxury in her dressing-room. She felt rather lost in its glitter of silver and glass, and gazed hopelessly at the finery brought scornfully to her by the original Juliet's id. What a fool she was! She wanted all her memory, all her courage, and yet she could think of nothing but the face of a stranger. It was impossible that it could be anything but a stranger. For one wild minute she had thought she was face to face with her husband, and her heart had stopped. Was God letting her look in his face and die?

Then scorn and reason caught her and shook her into her senses.

She let the maids dress her, listlessly watching her transfiguration, and repeating to herself the unforgotten lines of her part. She was so sure that that minute's glimpse had been an illusion that when she saw her face in the glass, and saw it was as white as a ghost's, she almost wondered what could have made it so.

The maids watched her make up with real interest, perhaps contrasting her way with their mistresses' unprofessional attempts, and the pink on her cheeks covered the deadly whiteness that one minute's mad mistake had painted there.

She was walking to the door, a sweet and fantastic figure, when a man's voice in the corridor startled her.

"And so you have caught a Juliet?"

It was *his* voice, unchanged, unaltered—a slow Scotch voice, low and vibrating, and amused. Oh, she was not mad; she was not a fool! She had heard her husband.

She was listening for another sound, dumb and breathless, when somebody came to fetch her. She had to quiet her heart and follow, looking patiently at the important young man who was managing, while he explained anything he could think of, and showed her round. Then the awful pause came, and Lord Linkshire was introduced. It was in a hurry, just before the rise of the curtain, that the manager brought him up. Her husband, and he stood there smiling!

"You'll have to be patient with me, Miss—List," he was saying, absently. "I'm in a terrible funk, you know."

He glanced at his part and then laughed, trying to look at her.

The curtain went up, only half an hour late, to the wonder and thankfulness of the audience; but the Juliet was standing in the shadow, white under her paint.

"He does not remember me. Oh, God, he does not remember me!"

Perhaps it was better he should not. Had she ever cared for anyone but him? Had she ever put herself first and wanted to be happy? The bitter cry died on her lips as she thought of the shock—the injury—her discovery might mean. Surely God, who had let him forget her, knew what was best for him. She would at least have this wonderful night's history—the sight of him, the touch of him—to comfort her in the dark.

They always said on the boards that Peggy List had grit. Fanny Bowman had said that she was the kind of woman who would die smiling. It was true. She flung back her head with a fine courage, that was as gay as it was despairing, and walked recklessly on to the stage.

It was at the beginning, when Juliet's young face was turned up to her mother's, and a fat Society beauty was clumsily playing Nurse, that Lord Linkshire, looking on from the wings, turned to the manager sharply and seized his arm.

"For God's sake, Billy, who is that woman?"

The manager's jaw dropped.

Then he told him about the garret and the stranded company of players. The hand clutching his arm shook slightly.

"Thanks," said Lord Linkshire, in a queer, hoarse voice, and dropped the subject. The manager shook his head.

"By George," he muttered; "I do believe Linkshire's nervous."

. . . .

The curtain had fallen for the last time, and she was lying across his breast.

"Splendid, splendid!" shouted the manager, damp with excitement. "'Pon my honour, I don't know which of you——! Here, you, ring up again, and let's all come forward. I suppose that's what they want."

They wanted more. They wanted Juliet and Romeo to come on together.

She stood alone, strange and dizzy, feeling as if the world had come to an end. It was over. Ah, God, it was all over. And then she felt Lord Linkshire tucking her arm in his; she heard the slow Scotch voice, with a queer laugh in it that she had never heard before in her life.

"They want us, do they? Come!"

He took her before the curtain, and put up his hand to stop the wild burst of applause. She was his prisoner, held tight and safe.

. . .

When she came to her senses a little later, awakening as though from a dream, she heard his voice.

"Stand back! Give my wife air!"

"Your wife?" said an agonised female voice.

"My wife!" A thrill passed through her as Linkshire stooped and kissed her. "Duchess, I have sought her for years, and she has now returned to me."

R. Ramsay.

Dancing Round the Censor

A LIGHT, FANTASTIC RENDERING OF THE FORBIDDEN SCENE IN "SALOME"

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS MAUD ALLAN, THE BAREFOOTED DANCER, AT THE PALACE THEATRE

Though the Censor forbids us to see the opera "Salome," all now have an opportunity of witnessing one of the most striking scenes in the play, the dance of Salome with the head of John the Baptist, which is being given by Miss Maud Allan at the Palace Theatre. Her dancing is the veritable music of motion, and her barefoot performances of the Salome and more classic dances have created the greatest enthusiasm on the Continent, where she has appeared before the Crown Prince of Germany, while she was personally complimented by King Edward, who saw her at Marienbad last year

OUTDOOR LIFE SECTION

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Photo] Golf on the Riviera: A General View of the Club-house, Nice Golf Club [*Tresca*

Holing Out Putts

As I have myself in past years made a raid or two into the territory of my "Games and Pastimes" colleague, I have no ground for complaint against him for putting on my green. But I regret that when he took up the subject of the giving of short putts at golf, in our issue of March 4, he did not give me credit for having started the idea. This I did in an article which I wrote for our contemporary, *Golf Illustrated*, on June 14 last, when dealing with some of the problems presented by the Amateur Championship. I therein suggested that for the purpose of that competition a rule should be laid down "enforcing the holing out of all putts affecting the decision of a hole." But I am not prepared to go the length of my colleague who supports the *dictum* of *Golf Illustrated*, that every ball should be holed out in ordinary matches and competitions. It would be practically impossible, even if it were desirable, to enforce such a procedure. In ordinary matches and competitions it must be left to the good sense and sportsmanship of players to decide when halves shall be given or not.

Photo *Sport and General*

Welcome Back to Golf

Mr. Charles Hutchings, the Amateur Champion in 1902, has, all will be glad to hear, again appeared in the golfing arena, after several years absence. Recently at Pau he won both the Gold Scratch Medal and the English Bank Prize

The Best Rule of Conduct

The best rule of conduct for a player to lay down for himself is that of never asking for, or suggesting, a half, unless his ball be nearer the hole than that of his opponent. He should always be prepared to play his ball without delay or question when it is further from the hole than his opponent's ball, and should never consider it a grievance to be called upon to hole out a putt, however short. On these lines, in ordinary matches and competitions, I cannot see how any grievance can arise. But when we come to such an important event as the Amateur Championship the question assumes a different aspect. Here I hold that it is unfair to leave the decision of what putts shall or shall not be given to the judgment of the competitor. It puts him into a very invidious position, and may often result most unfairly. It is conceivable that a young player might feel unwilling to ask some noted competitor to hole out a shortish, but perfectly missable, putt, and might very well thus lose a match, which he might otherwise win.

Contrary to Human Nature

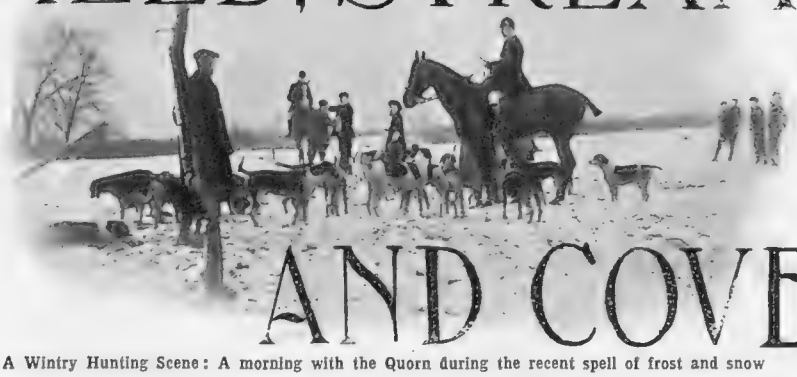
I do not say that such a thing is very likely to happen, but it is asking more than imperfect human nature will give to expect an older player to refuse a half when offered by a young opponent, even though the older man might know that he ought to have been called upon to hole out his putt. But it would be better to put any such possibilities out of court and prevent any possible unfairness or sense of injustice creeping into any match on the score of given or ungiven putts, by ruling that in the Amateur Championship Competition all putts for holes or halves should be holed out. I remember once in a competition giving my opponent a half when he had a three-footer to negotiate, impelled by the delight of having myself holed the long odd. He was very angry with me, and begged me not to repeat the generous offence, as he preferred to hole out his putts. I am sure he was right, for in a later period of the match he might feel morally barred from calling on me to hole out a similar putt, although the whole fortune of the match might depend on my having a sufficiently steady nerve to meet and vanquish the crisis of the occasion.

Mr. Charles Hutchings Redivivus

Nothing has delighted me more than the reappearance of my dear old friend, Mr. Charles Hutchings, in the arena which he has deserted for some years. At Pau links he has lately won two notable victories, by winning the Pau Gold Scratch Medal with two fine scores, and now he has played through and won the competition for the English Bank prize from the back-mark handicap of owing five strokes. This latter competition, as involving playing through a good many heats, has once more got the better of his old enemy, neuritis, which, ever since his great victory of 1902, has kept him out of the fighting ranks.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

BY FIELD, STREAM AND COVERT



Photo] A Wintry Hunting Scene: A morning with the Quorn during the recent spell of frost and snow [*Miss Kendall*

Lord Huntingdon and the Atherstone Hounds

The Atherstone country has been called the "fox-hunters' paradise," but I am afraid that wire has been creeping in lately in places where it was formerly quite unknown, and this rather detracts from the paradisical nature of the district. Still, much pleasant sport is enjoyed; the farmers on the whole are exceedingly friendly, practically no trouble is encountered from shooting tenants, foxes are plentiful, and the hounds form one of the most beautiful packs in the country. Above all, the country has been fortunate in its Masters, for it has been in the hands of such distinguished sportsmen as Squire Osbaldeston, Sir Bellingham Graham, and Colonel Anstruther Thomson. In more recent years Mr. W. E. Oakeley, Mr. Gerald Hardy, and Mr. J. C. Munro have done full justice to the Hunt, and now we have to congratulate the Atherstone people upon having secured the services of the Earl of Huntingdon as M.F.H. I know no man keener upon showing sport; he is simply untiring in his efforts, and with it all he has the rare instinct for the science of the chase which makes the successful hunting leader. Once he hunted two packs of foxhounds and a pack of harriers, all in the same season. This was when he made the family's seat in Ireland, at Sharavogue, his headquarters for the winter. Latterly he has hunted in England, and had a very successful term in the command of the North Staffordshire Hounds. Lord Huntingdon and his two brothers, Osmond and Aubrey Hastings, are splendid horsemen, and the last-named gained great fame when he trained and rode Ascetic's Silver to victory in the Grand National Steeplechase.

Photo *Dixon*

The South Staffordshire Hounds at Wolseley Bridge

Mr. F. V. Forster, the Master (on the left), chatting with Lord Berkeley Paget and Lady Alexandra Paget

An Invitation Meet of Sir Hugo Fitzherbert's Hounds at Burton Agnes, in the Holderness country

A pleasant interchange of courtesies took place recently in Yorkshire, Sir Hugo Fitzherbert taking his hounds for a day in the Holderness country by invitation of Mr. Charles Brook

Outdoor Life Section (cont.)

A Prize-winner at The Birmingham Shorthorn Show

Mr. G. Freeman's Butterfly, a particularly grand specimen of the breed, winner of the first prize in the class for bulls between eighteen and twenty-one months

Hunting Amenities

One of the amenities of hunting is the interchange of courtesies which enables the Master of one pack to take his hounds for a day into a neighbouring country. Mr. Fernie is indebted to Mr. George Fitzwilliam for placing his extensive woodlands at the command of the High Leicestershire pack during cub-hunting, and the Cambridgeshire occasionally visit the Milton and the Puckeridge countries. Last month Sir Hugo Fitzherbert's Hounds were taken into the Holderness district, and the visitors were welcomed by a very large gathering at Burton Agnes. Some enjoyable sport followed, but scent was fickle, and the pack had to return home without blood after three good hunting runs. Sir Hugo Fitzherbert, by the way, has resigned the leadership of the Yorkshire country which he took over last year, and up to the time of writing I have not heard of the appointment of a successor to him.

Perils of the Press

Recently the editor of a well-known sporting paper, noted, well, for its "sparkle," went down to hunt in a country not unknown to fame. He made the acquaintance of various members of the Hunt, and created a little flicker of interest that doubtless increased, if possible, the local circulation of the sheet in question. One day the editor fell into conversation with a certain soldier, as noted for his gallantry as his courage — a distinction with a difference. To him was confided the pleasing information that little incidents of a humorous nature in the lives of many members of the Hunt were about to be immortalised in "The Starting-Gate." The Captain laughed immoderately, as they discussed personalities. "Yes, we've got so-and-so, and so-and-so, and that little affair," said the Power of the Press. "Ha-ha, capital, great fun," replied the Captain, highly delighted at the coming discomfiture of his friends. The wicked editor moved on, and shouted back, when he was fifteen yards ahead: "Yes, it will be funny—by-the-by, we're going to begin with *you*!" The change in the noble officer's expressive countenance was such as to convulse all within hearing, who guessed the purport of that ominous speech easily enough. "His face dropped ten holes," was the current report!

King Alfonso as Polo Player

Polo numbers King Alfonso among its warmest enthusiasts, and it is quite possible that before long we shall see the Spanish monarch taking part in a game at one of the London clubs. Ever since he watched a hastily arranged match one damp afternoon at Ranelagh, two years ago, he has been wonderfully keen on the game, and it is partly due to his interest that a Spanish team is coming to England again this year in order to take part in the tournament for the British Olympic Cup at Hurlingham. Recently the King played in the first private tournament ever held in Spain, and it is stated by one who followed the polo that he showed considerable promise. He possesses a remarkably sure eye, and is a fine horseman—two of the chief qualifications of the good polo player—and thanks to the schooling of Mr. George Miller, the Marquis de Villavieja, and others, he already has a sound knowledge of the tactics of the game. So keen is his Majesty that he has two private polo grounds in the park of the Madrid Palace, and intends to lay out another at La Granja, less than fifty miles from Madrid. Bravo, Alfonso! Every Englishman admires you for your pluck and true sporting spirit, and wishes you and your Queen the best of luck and happiness.

A. W. C.

Photos *Sport and General*

A view of the Judging and the Sale Ring at the Birmingham Shorthorn Show, which was held with the exceptionally large entry of 781 animals

Photo *Sport and General*

The Race for the United Hunt Cup at the Oakley Point-to-Point Meeting: At the second jump

THE START OF FLAT-RACING. BY CARBINE

The Coming Season

We are getting "warm"—only a few days now for the opening of the flat-racing season at Lincoln. I will grant that steeplechasing has its excellent points, and is picturesque to follow on a bright day, but somehow there is never the same snap or fascination about the sport as there is about racing on the flat. Few excepting those immediately concerned look forward to the opening of the 'chasing season, but with the flat it is wholly different. The start is eagerly awaited from the day of the appearance of the weights for the big handicaps, and possibly the promise of genial summer weather which it brings with it makes us give a stronger welcome to the first of the flat meetings than we should otherwise do.

Prospects of the Lincoln

Thanks to the recent favourable weather, most of the Lincoln competitors ought to be more forward in condition than was the case last year, when the Frenchman Ob cantered away with the race mainly because he was a long way the fittest horse in it. Many thought that Monitor would be likely to repeat that achievement next week, and there was some excitement when news came across the Channel that the colt had done satisfactorily in his trial. Barely had we time to discuss the new possibilities of the race than there came the sudden and quite unexpected announcement that Monitor had been scratched. There is nothing wrong with him, as he won a good race at St. Cloud in fine style on Friday, and we may have to reckon with the three-year-old at Newbury or Epsom. But so far as Lincoln is concerned, M. Ephrussi's colt will not trouble us, and if a French owner is to win the race it will be Baron M. de Rothschild with Snow Leopard or Queenie V., both of which are entitled to our respect on past performances.

A Forecast of the Result

The field for the Lincoln will not be a particularly good-class one, and probably the most genuine and consistent performer is Land League. So far back as the first days of February, before there had been any real betting on the race, I wrote in these pages that "Land League would be my choice if it were necessary to make a selection," and in the same issue I wrote, "keep your eye on Bellatrix—she is smart." It is interesting for me, therefore, to find these two practically equal favourites for the race. Bellatrix won her trial on Friday, and will doubtless render a good account of herself next week. Of the pair, however, I much prefer Land League, whose preparation has been of the most thorough description, and he must be my selection for the race. Everything about him is satisfactory excepting the price, and as there are many readers of these Notions who have a weakness for "long shots," I am going to suggest a horse who has scarcely been mentioned yet in the betting. This is Rockbourne, whose form will bear looking into. What I like about him is that he won in fine style over the Lincolnshire course last autumn, and it is just the right distance for him. Sherrard is putting some strong work into him, and he will probably be ridden by Halsey. My opinion, then, is that **Land League** will win the Lincolnshire, and that **Rockbourne** is the best outsider, and should be supported "both ways."

The Grand National

A word or two on the Grand National must also be written, though it will be time enough next week to make a final selection. In our last issue I remarked that Mount Prospect's Fortune could not be ignored after his fine Sandown performance. At that time it was not certain whether he would be started at Liverpool, but Captain Paynter has now definitely decided to let the horse take his chance. So much impressed was I with his great race under exceptional circumstances at the Grand Military Meeting that I shall give him my support for the National, and in making my selection next week I shall probably couple him with Tom West. Best of the others I like the chances of Springbok and Paddy Maher, and I shall be surprised if these four horses fail to fill at least two of the leading places at Aintree. For the Rugby Steeplechase on Thursday, my selection is **Captain Morgan.**

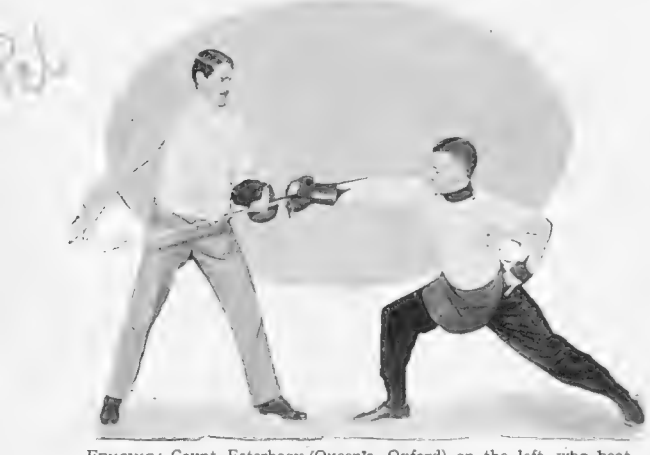
GAMES AND PASTIMES

The Final Tie for the Hospital Cup: London Hospital men's excitement on their team's victory over Guy's by 11 points to 3

ROWING

The Crews

With barely three weeks to elapse before the University Boat Race, the two crews are now finally settled, all the Blues having been awarded; and it is hoped that the series of accidents which have this year marred the practice have now come to an end. Oxford have, in this respect, had all the worst of the luck, for their crew has been so devastated by illness that at one time they were compelled to abandon practice altogether. Cambridge are, therefore, at present considerably more advanced than their rivals, and have already done some good times at Putney. They have plenty of power, and look like developing into a speedy combination. Oxford, who, like their rivals, are rowing three old Blues, have lots of good material, and should, in spite of their misfortunes, go to the post a much better crew than last year. Provided their president can get quite fit again, a good race should be seen on April 4, and the odds of 2 to 1 which are now being laid on the Light Blues will probably shorten up.

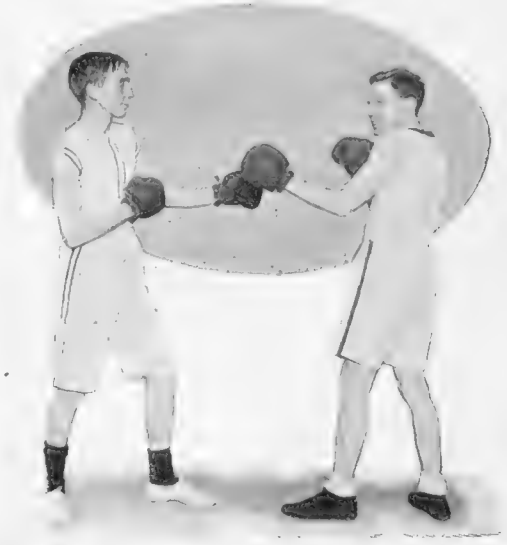


FENCING: Count Esterhazy (Queen's, Oxford) on the left, who beat J. Greenwood (Peterhouse, Cambridge) after an excellent display

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The Impotence of the A.F.A.

When the Football Association made its famous "concession," whereby a player who represented his University under the auspices of the Amateur Football Association was not to be debarred from taking part in matches played under the auspices of the Football Association, I pointed out in THE BYSTANDER what this really meant. I showed that so far from its being a "concession," or "the holding out of the olive branch" (as I had seen it described), it was simply a clever business move on the part of the Football Association to secure certain Amateur Football Association players of whose services it had need, and to bring them, by a show of latitude, under its jurisdiction. If the A.F.A. had been wise, it would have met this transparent attack by a counter-move, and would have forbidden its University members to avail themselves of the so-called concession, and if the players whom it affected had been really loyal to A.F.A. principles they would have refused to have been drawn in this specious manner into the F.A. net. Neither of these things has happened. The A.F.A. has allowed the F.A. to fish with amateur tackle, temptingly bated, in A.F.A. waters, and the amateur fish have swallowed the bait. And what is the result? Three Oxford Blues are not



Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

BOXING: J. C. Surtees (Clare, Cambridge) on the left, who beat E. G. S. Gordon (Exeter, Oxford) in the bantam weights

Inter-'Varsity Fencing and Boxing

Last week's annual inter-'Varsity fencing and boxing competitions were won by Oxford, who came off best in five events out of eight. They won both the foil and sabre contests, besides the light-weight and the heavy-weight boxing

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¶ In one instrument the Æolian combines tone qualities of the various members of the orchestra.

¶ The new Solo Device enables one to play the melody on one set of stops and the accompaniment on another, comparable, for example, to the theme being played by, say, the flute in the orchestra, and accompanied by the violins.

¶ Every kind of music is available, and membership of our circulating library enables one to draw on all the compositions in our catalogue at a nominal cost.

¶ Anyone can play the Æolian by means of music rolls, yet it is not mechanical, nor in any sense automatic. The performer is responsible for every note played, and has full control over the music produced.

You are invited to call and hear the Æolian Orchestrelle.

For further particulars please write for Catalogue No. 11.

The Orchestrelle Co.

ÆOLIAN HALL,

135-6-7, New Bond Street, London, W.

Photo *Sport and General*

The Military Doubles Racquets Championship

Left to right: Lieut. J. J. Astor, Capt. Shawe, Capt. Innes, Lord Somers

Owing to the inability of Messrs. H. Balfour Bryant and P. Bramwell Davis to defend their title, the Highland Light Infantry, who have so often proved victorious in this competition, were unrepresented, and the Championship went to the 1st Life Guards, Mr. J. J. Astor and Lord Somers, who beat the 4th Batt. Rifle Brigade, Capt. S. E. Holland and the Hon. H. C. O. Prittie, in the final by four games to two

debarred, owing to the F.A. concession, by reason of the fact that they play for their University under A.F.A. jurisdiction, from playing in F.A. matches, and consequently do play in such matches as well as for Oxford. But when they are chosen for the A.F.A. to play for the combined Universities against the rest of the A.F.A., the F.A. steps in and says, "You mustn't"; and they (having been given their International caps in the F.A. Amateur International against France) submit, and throw up their places in the combined Universities team. The fact that the combined Universities, possibly in consequence of this, took a hiding from the rest of the A.F.A. at Queen's Club last Wednesday is in itself of small moment. What matters it that the F.A. has been successful in exercising jurisdiction over the A.F.A. players, and that the A.F.A. has been convicted of impotence to check this interference with its own affairs? Events have accordingly proved that it has no real hold over its members, and this is a very serious state of things. If amateur Association football is to live, it must be absolutely independent of all professional influence. This much the A.F.A. has seen, but so far it has contented itself, as it were, with stating the proposition instead of ramming it home. Unless it can place Amateur Association football on a sufficiently strong basis to resist the insidious attractions of *quasi*-professionalism, it will never achieve the main object with which it was formed.

Oxford v. Cambridge in Four Acts

No fewer than four Inter-'Varsity events were decided last week, the Billiards, the Boxing and Fencing, the Lacrosse, and the Gymnastics. In the billiards, the Cambridge first and third strings, G. H. Isitt and R. H. Lindsay-Watson (the Athletic Blue), beat R. Walker and C. B. Fish respectively, while the Oxford second string, C. Catterall, beat C. R. W. Attenborough, so that Cambridge won by the odd event. In the boxing, Cambridge were one to the good, but Oxford more than neutralised this advantage in the Fencing by winning both bouts of the foils as well as the sabres (whereat Count Esterhazy, of Queen's, showed remarkable proficiency), which gave them the victory in the whole contest by five events to three. Oxford also won the Light Weights with J. M. Thornewill, while Cambridge won the Bantams, Feathers, and Middles with F. C. Surtees, G. H. Fisher, and D. Portway respectively. P. G. Doyne and N. F. Namek were the winners for Oxford in the foils. The Lacrosse match was won by Oxford by 10 goals to 5—a capital performance, which proves them to be a side of exceptional merit, for Cambridge are quite the reverse of weak.

Rugby Championship Results

Guy's and London have both done so particularly well this season that their meeting in the final of the Inter-Hospital Cup was an event of exceptional interest. A month ago Guy's (who were the holders) would have been favourites, but since then they have deteriorated slightly and had a hard job to get through Bart's in the semi-final, whereas London have been improving, and on Wednesday they were clearly the better side, both forward and behind, so that their victory by 11 points to 3 was fully deserved. Cornwall, by beating Middlesex at Redruth, gained the right to play Durham in the County Championship final. Middlesex might have done better at home, as some of their best men were unable to make the journey West. As it was, Cornwall, though they took some time to get going, won pretty easily. Ireland's remarkable victory over Scotland inspired their supporters with the hope that they might also beat Wales last Saturday. They didn't, but they took a lot of beating. The score was one goal all at half-time, and in the second half Ireland had most of the game, but failed to score, whereas Wales got two tries in the last ten minutes, and so won by 11 points to 5. Thus Wales regains the International Championship, with the additional honour of an unbeaten record.

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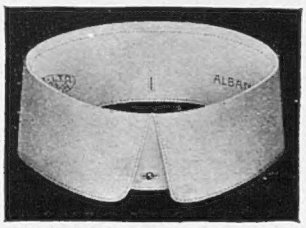

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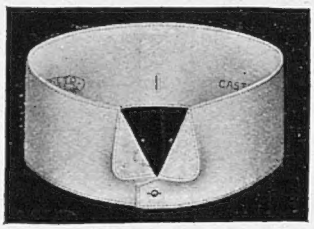

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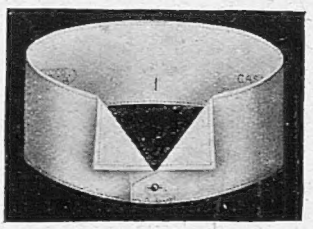

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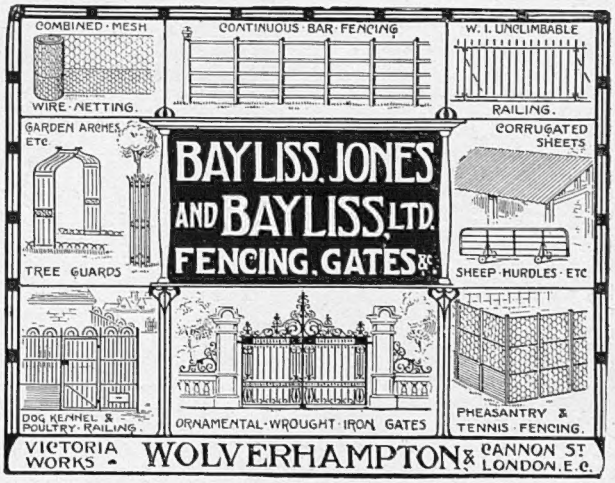

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FORD

OWNER'S TESTIMONY.

Mr. OLIVER HEMMING, Belfrage Lane, Edinburgh, writes to our Edinburgh Agents as follows:—

1, Tollcross and 2, Home Street,
Edinburgh.
October 11th, 1907.

Messrs. ALEXANDER & Co.,
"FORD" Motor Agents, Edinburgh.

Dear Sirs,

I feel it is my duty to write you as to the FORD Car I bought through you. I am pleased to say the Car is giving me every satisfaction. I went a tour with it the day after I bought it, from Edinburgh to Blackpool and back, a distance of about 500 miles, and averaged 23 miles per hour right through. The Car never gave me the slightest trouble, the only delay was two punctures. The Car runs 25 miles to the gallon of petrol. I also am pleased to say the Car climbed the Shap Fell, between Shap and Kendal, on top speed all the way, and as a Hill Climber there is nothing better; should you care to use this letter as a testimonial you have my sanction.

I am, yours truly,
OLIVER HEMMING.

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AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

A Motoring Rendezvous: Burford Bridge Hotel, near Dorking

In George Meredith's country, among the Surrey Hills, stands the Burford Bridge Hotel, at the foot of Boxhill. Ancient and full of historic associations, it was here that Nelson stayed the last night he spent in England, on his way to join his ship for Trafalgar

The Motor Union seems to be repenting of its invitation to Mr. Asquith to impose a further tax on motorists. At all events, it is now concentrating its efforts to influence Members of Parliament against additional taxation unless the proceeds are devoted to road improvement. But since it rushed in where angels feared to tread and accepted the principle of further taxes, it has somewhat prejudiced the situation. Leading motorists unanimously agree that the Motor Union should have resolutely opposed any scheme of fresh taxes unless the Government agreed beforehand that the revenues from this source should be ear-marked for the nationalisation of highways.

* * *

The New York-Paris motor "race" shows every indication of proving once again the "slimness" of Americans. The Thomas Car has rushed away from the other competitors in the most feverish manner, as though the race were a speed trial of cars between New York, and, let us say, San Francisco. The foreign competitors, poor simple souls, imagining that it was the honest intention of all starters to arrive at some time or another at Paris *viâ* Behring Straits, Siberia, and Russia, have proceeded leisurely, thinking, indeed, more of the dollars they have been receiving for descriptive telegrams than of a competition which is intended to be a test of endurance rather than of speed. Not so, Mr. Thomas. He is leading the other cars by anything up to 1,000 miles, and it is confidently reported that when San Francisco is reached he will retire. And why not? He will have had as much advertisement as he wants, and so why undergo the rigours of Siberia, to say nothing of Alaska, especially when the other competitors, if they decide to proceed, are quite unlikely to finish?

* * *

There has been much discussion of late as to whether an engine should run better hot or cold. With a correctly designed engine there is little question but that it should give more horse-power while running at a fairly high rather than at a low temperature. With a badly designed engine, however, the horse-power sometimes falls off or fails utterly when the engine becomes hot, because the faulty design of the engine causes distortion or pre-ignition owing to individual

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

The Works Manager of Humber's, Mr. W. Phillips, at the wheel of the popular 10-12 h.-p. Coventry Humber

It is under the personal supervision of Mr. Walter Phillips that the magnificent new Coventry works of Humber, Limited, have been built. These splendid premises, covering 13½ acres, and in which over 5,000 hands are employed, were opened last Thursday

Comparisons are Odious!

A "Continental" steel-studded tyre (on the left), which has covered 3,000 miles — result, one stud gone—compared with another make having done the same distance, which has practically worn through to the canvas

parts becoming overheated. Tests carried out on a Napier engine showed, for instance, that as the temperature in the jacket increases, so the brake horse-power increases, while the petrol consumption decreases. Other things, therefore, being equal, the hotter the engine is kept (about 150° F. being the most favourable temperature) the more horse-power it will develop and the less petrol will it consume.

* * *

It is pleasing to note that British manufacturers are beginning to win recognition on the Continent to a largely increasing extent. The Humber Company are doing well in Holland and elsewhere—in fact, a few weeks ago I was agreeably surprised to see a Humber at Chamonix owned by a French officer, who was very enthusiastic about the car and had recommended it far and wide. It was the only car there, and, as visitors to the vicinity of Mont Blanc are aware, it is no mean height to climb. In Russia, two Siddeleys have been purchased for service at the Imperial Chancellery, and several Russian gentlemen have ordered these cars, for which there is a growing vogue in that country as in Germany. The Daimler Company have recently opened a new depot in Barcelona (they already have premises in Madrid), and are selling their cars to numbers of the Spanish nobility. In Italy, too, in spite of tariffs, the Daimler is no stranger, one of the latest purchasers being the Prince Colonna, who has a fancy for English manufactures. In that he is not exceptional, for the Italian, suspicious of the frequently shoddy output from neighbouring countries —I am not alluding to motors necessarily — is predisposed to believe that anything hall-marked as English is a guarantee of genuineness. May the export of British cars continue to increase. Each British car of good make sold abroad will help to sell others. Meanwhile, I cannot refrain from noting *en passant* that we at home are displaying a growing predilection for British cars. With a duty placed on every foreign imported car in the same ratio as is placed on ours when we export, there is every reason to suppose that the foreign car in England would quickly become conspicuous by its absence. A few pounds would make a deal of difference to a hesitating purchaser, while the strong competition at home would effectually prevent manufacturers forming a ring and forcing up prices.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Miscellanea

The second-hand market, I hear, is very flat, especially for large-powered cars. The man wanting a small car, at a bargain price, is beginning, however, to arouse himself from the winter's lethargy and evince an interest in life. But, generally speaking, he wants a car almost given to him.

Stanley Steam Cars have taken London premises at 13, West Street, Shaftesbury Avenue. I have seen several of these very fast cars about recently.

Colin Defries, Ltd., 2, Denman Street, W., have taken up the agency for the little French car, Passé-Partout. The 9 h.-p. single-cylinder, with De Dion engine, costs £200 complete.

Argylls (London) Ltd. are doing well with their new 14-16 h.-p. car, two-seater, which, with the detachable limousine top and complete with a front wind-screen, absolutely protects the occupants from the worst weathers. It is a particularly suitable car for doctors.

The Humber Company's new Coventry works were opened with much *éclat* last Thursday. They are magnificently equipped.

Reo Motors have acquired an exceptional large space at Cordingley's Show, which begins on Saturday, and, therefore, have an opportunity of showing a good many of their models, among these being the latest type of 18-22 h.-p. Reo Roadster, which is being exhibited for the first time. This car is built entirely for speed and for the comfort of two passengers only. It is geared to forty-five miles per hour, and, owing to its great power and very light weight, there are very few hills that it cannot take on top gear. It is commonly known as the "Flying Greyhound," and its price is £199 complete. Attention must be drawn also to the latest type of 18-22 h.-p. Reo Touring Car, which shows a remarkable improvement on the older models. This car has a seating capacity of five passengers, and costs only £225.

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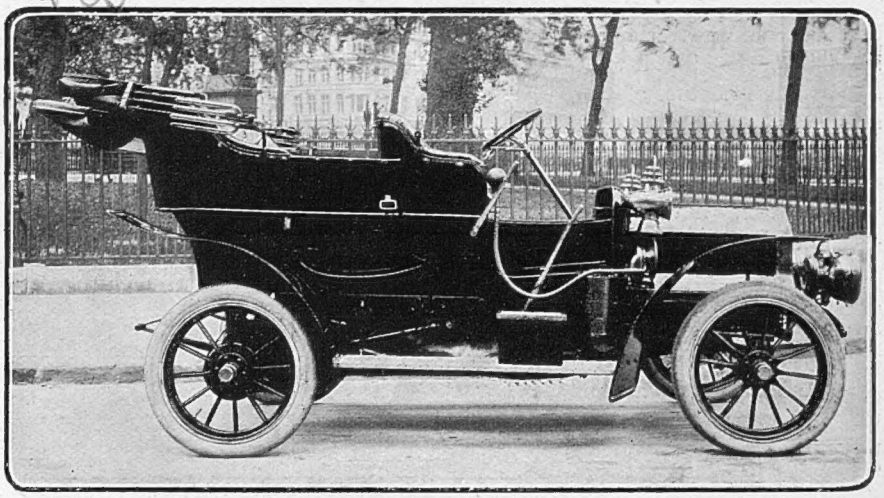

The 18-22 h.-p. Touring Car, one of the Reo Exhibits at Cordingley's Show

This car is a remarkable improvement on the older models, the wheels being of larger diameter, and the engine having several novel features. The seating accommodation is for five persons, while the price is only £225